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REVIEWS OF NEW BOOKS.

ANCIENT LITERATURE IN THE EAST.

Visits to Monasteries in the Levant. By the Hon. R. Curzon, jun. Murray.

For years, one of the most zealous, indefatigable, and successful of bibliophiles, Mr. Curzon has at length luckily found a leisure time to give an account of his pursuits in the Levant to the public. The volume is interesting in several ways. Though there have been researches in some of the same quarters, the descriptions of books and manuscripts, seen by the author, (not to mention the treasures he secured and brought home,) are full of interest to the learned antiquary. His sketches of society have similar interest for the general reader, and his rare adventures and touches of landscape scenery, fall in to fill up that measure with good effect. He says he has written this work for his own "diversion," but we think it will be perused with a common feeling that a higher praise is applicable to it, and that besides diversion it does also afford much information and instruction.

With this brief preface we proceed to its contents, premising (from Mr. Curzon) that the Monasteries of the East are "particularly interesting to the lovers of the picturesque, from the beautiful situations in which they are almost invariably placed. The monastery of Megaspelon, on the coast of the Gulf of Corinth, is built in the mouth of an enormous cave. The monasteries of Meteora, and some of those on Mount Athos, are remarkable for their positions on the tops of inaccessible rocks; many of the convents in Syria, the Islands of Cyprus, Candia, the Archipelago, and the Prince's Islands in the Sea of Marmora, are unrivalled for the beauty of the positions in which they stand; many others in Bulgaria, Asia Minor, Sinope, and other places on the shores of the Black Sea, are most curious monuments of ancient and romantic times. There is one on the road to Persia, about one day's journey inland from Trebizond, which is built half way up the side of a perpendicular precipice; it is ensconced in several fissures of the rock, and various little gardens adjoining the buildings display the industry of the monks; these are laid out on shelves or terraces, wherever the nature of the spot affords a ledge of sufficient width to support the soil; the different parts of the monastery are approached by stairs and flights of steps cut in the face of the precipice, leading from one cranny to another; the whole has the appearance of a bas-relief stuck against a wall; this monastery partakes of the nature of a large swallow's nest. But it is for their architecture that the monasteries of the Levant are more particularly deserving of study; for, after the remains of the private houses of the Romans at Pompeii, they are the most ancient specimens extant of domestic architecture. The refectories, kitchens, and the cells of the monks, exceed in point of antiquity anything of the kind in Europe. The monastery of St. Katherine at Mount Sinai has hardly been altered since the sixth century, and still contains ornaments presented to it by the Emperor Justinian. The White Monastery and the monastery at Old Cairo, both in Egypt, are still more ancient. The monastery of Kuzzul Vank, near the sources of the Euphrates, is, I believe, as old as the fifth century. The greater number in all the countries where the Greek faith prevails, were built before the year 1000. Most monasteries possess crosses, candlesticks, and reliquaries, many of splendid workmanship, and of the era of the foundation of the buildings which contain them, while their mosaics and fresco paintings display the state of the arts from the most early periods.

The architecture is hardly ever fine, as the

churches are small, and merely for the reception of the monks. Most of them have ancient libraries, and it was to ransack these that Mr. Curzon undertook and persevered in his not unperilous travels. The condition of these libraries is curious and vexatious. In many monasteries they are highly appreciated, and cannot be bought; in others they are neglected and rotting, and in some put to ignominious uses. As for instance, in a large Bulgarian monastery, north of the town of Cavalla, where a foreign book-hunter, whose expectation had been much excited by rumour, was assured by the Agoumenos or Superior that it contained "no library whatever, that they had nothing but the liturgies and church books, and no palæa pragmata or antiquities at all. The poor man had bumped upon a pack-saddle over villainous roads for many days for no other object, and the library of which he was in search had vanished as the visions of a dream. The Agoumenos begged his guest to enter with the monks into the choir, where the almost continual church service was going on, and there he saw the double row of long-bearded holy fathers, shouting away at the chorus of *kyrie eleison*, *kyrie eleison*, (pronounced Kyre eleizon, Christe eleizon,) which occurs almost every minute, in the ritual of the Greek Church. Each of the monks was standing, to save his bare legs from the damp of the marble floor, upon a great folio volume, which had been removed from the conventual library and applied to purposes of practical utility in the way which I have described. The traveller, on examining these ponderous tomes, found them to be of the greatest value; one was in uncial letters, and others were full of illuminations of the earliest date; all these he was allowed to carry away in exchange for some footstools or hassocks, which he presented in their stead to the old monks; they were comfortably covered with ketché or felt, and were in many respects more convenient to the inhabitants of the monastery than the manuscripts had been, for many of their antique bindings were ornamented with bosses and nail heads, which inconvenienced the toes of the unsophisticated congregation, who stood upon them without shoes for so many hours in the day. I must add that the lower halves of the manuscripts were imperfect, from the damp of the floor of the church having corroded and eat away their vellum leaves."

The following remark may suggest a topic for the meeting against intramural interment—

"As it has never been the custom of the Oriental Christians to bury the dead within the precincts of the church, they none of them contain sepulchral monuments. The bodies of the Byzantine emperors were enclosed in sarcophagi of precious marbles, which were usually deposited in chapels erected for the purpose—a custom which has been imitated by the sultans of Turkey. Of all these magnificent sarcophagi and chapels or mausoleums, where the remains of the imperial families were deposited, only one remains intact; every one but this has been violated, destroyed, or carried away: the ashes of the Cæsars have been scattered to the winds. This is now known by the name of the chapel of St. Nazario e Celso, at Ravenna: it was built by Galla Placidia, the daughter of Theodosius; she died at Rome in 440, but her body was removed to Ravenna and deposited in a sarcophagus in this chapel; in the same place are two other sarcophagi, one containing the remains of Constantius, the second husband of Galla Placidia, and the other holding the body of her son, Valentinian III. These tombs have never been disturbed, and are the only ones which remain intact of the entire line of the Cæsars, either of the Eastern or Western empires."

Mr. Curzon's volume is divided into four parts—the first Egypt, the second Jerusalem and the adjacent country, the third Albania, and the fourth Mount Athos, with its crowd of monasteries. In tracing this course we shall pass over much of Egypt, as already the best known to us, and stop only for a novel book receptacle at Thebes, where the author encountered a sort of Coptic genius, though but a poor Carpenter. Of him we are told—

"It was only from the circumstance of his being a Christian that he and the other males of his family were not swept away in the conscription which has depopulated Egypt under the present government more than all the pillage and massacres and internal feuds of the followers of the Mameluke Beys.

"On those numerous occasions when the carpenter had nothing else to do, he used to come and talk to me; and endeavour to count up, upon his fingers, how often he had 'eat stick'; that is, had been beaten by one Turkish officer or another for his inability to pay the tax to the Pasha, the tooth-money to some kawass, the forced contribution to the Nazir, or some other expected or unexpected call upon his empty pocket,—an appendage to his dress, by the by, which he did not possess; for having nothing in the world to put in it, a pocket was clearly of no use to him. The carpenter related to me the history of the ruined Coptic monastery; and I found that its library was still in existence. It was carefully concealed from the Mahomedans, as a sacred treasure; and my friend the carpenter was the guardian of the volumes belonging to his fallen church. After some persuasion he agreed, in consideration of my being a Christian, to let me see them; but he said I must go to the place where they were concealed at night, in order that no one might follow our steps; and he further stipulated that none of the Mahomedan servants should accompany us, but that I should go alone with him. I agreed to all this; and on the appointed night I sallied forth with the carpenter after dark. There were not many stars visible; and we had only just light enough to see our way across the plain of Thebes, or rather among the low hills and narrow valleys above the plain, which are so entirely honeycombed with ancient tombs and mummy pits that they resemble a rabbit warren on a large scale. Skulls and bones were strewn on our path; and often at the mouths of tombs the night wind would raise up fragments of the bandages which the sacrilegious hand of the Frankish spoilers of the dead had torn from the bodies of the Egyptian mummies in search of the scarabæi, amulets, and ornaments which are found upon the breast of the deceased subjects of the Pharaohs.

"Away we went stumbling over ruins, and escaping narrowly the fate of those who descend into the tomb before their time. Sometimes we heard a howl, which the carpenter said came from a hyena, prowling like ourselves among the graves, though on a very different errand. We kept on our way, by many a dark ruin and yawning cave, breaking our shins against the fallen stones until I was almost tired of the journey, which in the darkness seemed interminable; nor had I any idea where the carpenter was leading me. At last, after a fatiguing walk, we descended suddenly into a place something like a gravel pit, one side of which was closed by the perpendicular face of a low cliff, in which a doorway half filled up with rubbish, betokened the existence of an ancient tomb. By the side of this doorway sat a little boy, whom I discovered by the light of the moon, which had just risen, to be the carpenter's son, an intelligent lad, who often came to pay me a visit in company with his father. It was here that the Coptic manu-

Enlarged 170.]

scripts were concealed, and it was a spot well chosen for the purpose; for although I thought I had wandered about the Necropolis of Thebes in every direction, I had never stumbled upon this place before, neither could I ever find it afterwards, although I rode in that direction several times.

"I now produced from my pocket three candles, which the carpenter had desired me to bring, one for him, one for his son, and one for myself. Having lit them, we entered into the doorway of the tomb, and passing through a short passage, found ourselves in a great sepulchral hall. The earth and sand which had been blown into the entrance formed an inclined plane, sloping downwards to another door sculptured with hieroglyphics, through which we passed into a second chamber, on the other side of which was a third doorway, leading into a magnificent subterranean hall, divided into three aisles by four square columns, two on each side. There may have been six columns, but I think there were only four. The walls and columns, or rather square piers which supported the roof, retained the brilliant white which is so much to be admired in the tombs of the kings and other stately sepulchres. On the walls were various hieroglyphics, and on the square piers tall figures of the gods of the infernal regions—Kneph, Khonso, and Osiris—were portrayed in brilliant colours, with their immense caps or crowns, and the heads of the jackal and other beasts. At the further end of this chamber was a stone altar, standing upon one or two steps, in an apsis or semicircular recess. As this is not usual in Egyptian tombs, I have since thought that this had probably been altered by the Copts in early times, and that, like the Christians of the West in the days of their persecution, they had met in secret in the tombs for the celebration of their rites, and had made use of this hall as a church, in the same way as we see the remains of chapels and places of worship in the catacombs of Rome and Syraene. The inner court of the Temple of Medinet Habou has also been converted into a Christian church; and the worthy Copts have daubed over the beautifully executed pictures of Rameses II. with a coat of plaster, upon which they have painted the grim figures of St. George, and various old frightful saints and hermits, whose uncouth forms would almost give one the idea of their having served for a system of idolatry much less refined than the worship of the ancient gods of the heathen, whose places they have usurped in these gigantic temples.

"The Coptic manuscripts, of which I was in search, were lying upon the steps of the altar, except one, larger than the rest, which was placed upon the altar itself. They were about eight or nine in number, all brown and musty looking books, written on cotton paper, or charta bombycina, a material in use in very early times. An edict or charter, on paper, exists, or at least did exist two years ago, in the museum of the Jesuits' College, called the Collegio Romano, at Rome: its date was of the sixth century; and I have a Coptic manuscript written on paper of this kind, which was finished, as appears by a note at the end, in the year 1018: these are the oldest dates that I have met with in any manuscripts on paper.

"Having found these ancient books we proceeded to examine their contents, and to accomplish this at our ease, we stuck the candles on the ground, and the carpenter and I sat down before them, while his son brought us the volumes from the steps of the altar, one by one.

"The first which came to hand was a dusty quarto, smelling of incense, and well spotted with yellow wax, with all its leaves dogs-eared or worn round with constant use: this was a MS. of the lesser festivals. Another appeared to be of the same kind; a third was also a book for the church service. We puzzled over the next two or three, which seemed to be martyrologies, or lives of the saints; but while we were poring over them, we thought we heard a noise. 'Oh! father of hammers,' said I to the carpenter, 'I think I heard a noise: what could it be?' 'I thought I heard something move.' 'Did you, *awaja*?' (O merchant), said the carpenter; 'it

must have been my son moving the books, for what else could there be here?—No one knows of this tomb or of the holy manuscripts which it contains. Surely there can be nothing here to make a noise, for we are not here alone, a hundred feet under the earth, in a place where no one comes?—It is nothing; certainly it is nothing; and so saying, he lifted up one of the candles and peered about in the darkness; but as there was nothing to be seen, and all was silent as the grave, he sat down again, and at our leisure we completed our examination of all the books which lay upon the steps.

"They proved to be all church books, liturgies for different seasons, or homilies; and not historical, nor of any particular interest, either from their age or subject."

The noise, however, turns out to be of a terrific character: the candles are knocked out, and the party fly in terror, leaving all the books, &c. behind them. The dénouement discovers a donkey, which had strayed into the cavern, and whose bray disturbed its echoes in so frightful a manner—[not the first Ass that has baulked a bibliomaniac.]

At St. Sabba in the Holy Land the author "found about a thousand books, almost all manuscripts, but the whole of them were works of divinity. One volume in the Bulgarian or Serbial language was written in uncial letters; the rest were in Greek, and were for the most part of the twelfth century. There were a great many enormous folios of the works of the fathers, and one MS. of the Octotuech, or first eight books of the Old Testament. It is remarkable how very rarely MSS. of any part of the Old Testament are found in the libraries of Greek monasteries; this was the only MS. of the Octotuech that I ever met with either or before or afterwards in any part of the Levant. There were about a hundred other MSS. on a shelf in the apsis of the church: I was not allowed to examine them, but was assured that they were liturgies and church-books which were used on the various high days during the year.

"I was afterwards taken by some of the monks into the vaulted chambers of the great square tower or keep, which stood near the iron door by which we had been admitted. Here there were about a hundred MSS., but all imperfect; I found the 'Iliad' of Homer among them, but it was on paper. Some of these MSS. were beautifully written; they were, however, so imperfect, that in the short time I was there, and pestered as I was by a crowd of gaping Arabs, I was unable to discover what they were. I was allowed to purchase three MSS.

"At two subsequent periods I visited this region, and purchased seven other MSS. from St. Sabba; among them was the Octotuech of the tenth, if not the ninth, century, which I esteem one of the most rare and precious volumes of my library."

With this single example we pass over Palestine and also Albania, where the chief interest lies not in literature but in adventures among the plundering thieves and cut-throat assassins, among whom our countryman pursued his dangerous way from place to place. Mount Athos was more productive of bookish events, and there are immense collections of ancient works in most of the religious houses, which cover the district, and have remained undisturbed since the days of Dr. Clarke. In the monastery of Iveron, as an instance, Mr. Curzon relates:—

"I turned to, in right good earnest, to look for uncial manuscripts and unknown classic authors. Of these last there was not one on vellum, but on paper there was an octavo manuscript of Sophocles, and a Coptic Psalter with an Arabic translation—a curious book to meet with on Mount Athos. Of printed books there were, I should think, about five thousand—of manuscripts on paper, about two thousand; but all religious works of various kinds. There were nearly a thousand manuscripts on vellum, and these I looked over more carefully than the rest. About one hundred of them were in the Iberian language: they were mostly immense thick quartos, some of them not less than eighteen inches square, and from four to six inches thick. One of these, bound in

wooden boards, and written in large uncial letters, was a magnificent old volume. Indeed all these Iberian or Georgian manuscripts were superb specimens of ancient books. I was unable to read them, and therefore cannot say what they were; but I should imagine that they were church books, and probably of high antiquity. Among the Greek manuscripts, which were principally of the eleventh and twelfth centuries—works of St. Chrysostom, St. Basil, and books for the services of the ritual—I discovered the following, which are deserving of especial mention:—A large folio Evangelistarium bound in red velvet, about eighteen inches high and three thick, written in magnificent uncial letters half an inch long, or even more. Three of the illuminations were the whole size of the page, and might almost be termed pictures from their large proportions: and there were several other illuminations of smaller size in different parts of the book. This superb manuscript was in admirable preservation, and as clean as if it had been new. It had evidently been kept with great care, and appeared to have had some clasps or ornaments of gold or silver which had been torn off. It was probably owing to the original splendour of this binding that the volume itself had been so carefully preserved. I imagine it was written in the ninth century.

"Another book, of a much greater age, was a copy of the four Gospels, with four finely-executed miniatures of the evangelists. It was about nine or ten inches square, written in round semiuncial letters in double columns, with not more than two or three words in a line. In some respects it resembled the book of the Epistles in the Bodleian Library at Oxford. This manuscript, in the original black leather binding, had every appearance of the highest antiquity. It was beautifully written and very clean, and was altogether such a volume as is not to be met with every day.

"A quarto manuscript of the four Gospels, of the eleventh or twelfth century, with a great many (perhaps fifty) illuminations. Some of them were unfortunately rather damaged.

"Two manuscripts of the New Testament, with the Apocalypse.

"A very fine manuscript of the Psalms, of the eleventh century, which is indeed about the era of the greater portion of the vellum manuscripts on Mount Athos."

The work is altogether so richly literary, however, that we must say

(To be continued.)

PUSEYISM: MIRACLES.

Journal in France in 1845 and 1848, with Letters from Italy in 1847. By T. W. Allies, M.A., Rector of Launton, Oxon. Longmans.

MR. ALLIES holds a Church of England Rectory; but if he is a Protestant Church of England Divine, we are Dutchmen. As far as we can comprehend such matters, he is endowed as a minister of the reformed religion, *alias* * * *. For he not only goes from Oxford to Rome, but to Gaeta, and there is not one ceremony, institution, or belief of the Roman Catholic Church, which does not find him a eulogist, and, apparently, but for Launton, a proselyte. We interfere, however, with no man's faith: his soul and his body are his own individual concerns, not ours; and so long as he merely scatters his opinions, we have nothing farther to do than to notice what is curious or remarkable in them, as a part of our duty in laying before our readers as complete an account as we can of the current aspects, signs, and literature of the times.

The author anticipates and desires the merging of the Protestant into the Roman Catholic church, and holds the latter up as a bright example to follow in Christian service, though he may doubt some of its facts, itself being, however, his great fact.

"It will," he says, "be seen throughout, that I do not consider non-appreciation of the good in the Roman Catholic faith and practice a necessary ingredient of the English Churchman's character. I am



quite convinced that the reunion of the English Church with the Church of Rome would be an incalculable blessing to the whole Church of God, and to the whole human race. Whoever made the separation, we need not despair of such a reunion; the right accomplishment of which good persons, on both sides, may earnestly hope and pray for."

Into the consideration of the benevolent charities of the Romish church and the devotedness of many of its pastors, it is not our business (agreeably to the views at which we have just hinted) to follow Mr. Allies; but we will copy two passages to show how the Incumbent of an English living can stretch his belief to the miracles denied by his Church. At Trent he writes:—

"First I must tell you, we had an introduction to Manzoni at Milan from a friend in Paris; and his son-in-law had just returned from seeing one of the two persons who were the object of our present pilgrimage—the Addolorata and the Estatica, whose case was set forth, some few years ago (about three or four), by Lord Shrewsbury. The first of these has received the stigmata of the Passion, from which blood issues every Friday—the crown of thorns, the nail-holes in the hands and feet, and the wound in the left side; and the second lives in a continual trance. We met a lady in Paris, a Roman Catholic, who had seen them, and spoke much about both, but not very satisfactorily to our minds. We determined accordingly, if possible, to visit them ourselves, and received full instruction from Signor Stephano Stampa at Milan as to the route and all other needful circumstances. Well, at Trent we went to the bishop; for one of these persons, Maria Mörl, the Estatica, lives in a convent, and may not be seen without a letter from the bishop, which we hardly expected to be granted to any persons not Romans. However, we wrote *Artium Magister*, Oxford, upon our cards, and sent them in. He received us very politely, granted at once the petition for a letter, begged us, if possible, to call on him and give him our opinion on the cases in returning; 'for,' said he, 'we cannot pronounce about either case, especially the Estatica, while they live, and the end is uncertain;' and he further thought every one who had the opportunity should make an unfettered judgment for themselves. At the conclusion of the interview he gave us his blessing, and by noon we were on our way in an omnibus to Neumarkt, up the valley of the Adige; grand castellated rocks overgrown with brushwood, some 12 or 1700 feet, on either side of this rapid river. Neumarkt is a stupid little place; and we were considerably imposed upon by the worthies there, who might have put us at once in the way to our point. Next morning, Thursday, 29, we took a carriage to Cavalese, a small town in the mountains, a post and a half distant; and after breakfast there, we found out Signor Yoris, a medico, to whom Signor S. Stampa had given us a letter of introduction. He was very civil, and offered to accompany us to the village of the Addolorata, whose name is Domenica Lazzeri. This place is called Capriana, and we walked thither in something less than four hours, a distance (I supposed) of about nine or ten miles. This was across a range of hills, and up the valley of a tributary to the Adige; the hills covered with forests of spruce and pine, and very beautiful. We got to Capriana about 5 p.m.; and I will give you an abridgment of notes I wrote that evening for the rest of the account. Reached Capriana at five, turned to the right to the house—almost the outside of all, the meanest we saw—and after some minutes the sister arrived and let us in. The room at first dark, too dark to see more than the figure contracted in the bed, and the face dark with blood as low as the bottom of the nose, and a little lower on each side. The medico drew aside the curtain, and we saw plainly the stigmata on the back of the hand, and the marks round the forehead in a straight line, about an inch below the hair in the middle. The marks are about a quarter of an inch apart in an even row as far as the hair, and for three or four marks under it. The medico told me they go all round. There were other marks below the first down to the eyebrows, but

whether so regular as the first I could not tell for the quantity of blood clotted and dried on the face. The blood has flowed straight towards the bottom of the face, and not trickled sideways to the bed. There has been a good deal this week. The hands, which are much wasted, are clasped continually on the top of the bed clothes, and are marked a little above the centre with the stigmata (the nail holes); the scar extends half or three quarters of an inch all round, slightly red. The wound is cicatrised with a dark spot of dried blood in the centre. Inside (as well as I could see, the hands being clasped,) the left palm seems to have a long white wound right into the flesh, which is covered all round with dried blood. That on the face is so dark and continual, that, from the holes of the *spice* (thorn marks) to the nose, it is just like a dark mask. Her breast is curved up to a close convex, and the legs drawn up till almost doubled from convulsions. The medico says she was once as tall as I am. Twelve or thirteen years since she has eaten any thing but the Blessed Sacrament, and that in the most minute portions possible.

"The following are the correct dates:—

"10th April, 1834. Nothing eaten since.

"10th January, 1834. Stigmata, hands, feet and side.

"31st January, 1834. Crown of thorns.

"An altar is in the room, at which the bishop allows mass to be celebrated once or twice every week, according to the convenience of the priest, and on saints' days.

"We spoke of the bishop. She was much interested also in all that the doctor said. He kept fanning her with a large feather fan: her only relief. She suffers most on Thursdays. The issue of blood Fridays unaccompanied with pain: rather a relief. A woman and boy came to see her. Cheerful when freer from pain (she always suffers). Was told we were English. Looks very intently at one. Light blue or blue grey eyes; hair fine,—a cold brown. Face awfully wasted. Her smile sweet. Says, when most in pain, 'Dio mio, mio Dio!' Friday morning, at five, we were again with her. She was in an insensible state: waking up at intervals. The hands still clasped, but the head shaking, and her teeth chattering. The blood was bright red and fresh (flowing) from all the upper row of holes and the rest, though clotted below generally, for she suffers great heat of fever. The wounds of the hands were open and ran, but outside (on the surface) the blood had run down the back of the hand in a broad stream to a little below the wrist, and there stopped; one small current had trickled across to the bottom of the hand. It was clotted. I looked as close as I could by stooping to the inside of the left hand. My impression was of an open wound, much deeper; long, with lips standing out upon the upper side; much blood had run over the inside of her hand: it ran to the wrist and all over the palms. Her teeth whole, though the two centre much apart. Her face, above and below the blood, was not livid, but of a good complexion. Her voice when she spoke was much stronger than yesterday. She saw me trying to draw the outline of her face, and said, she supposed a portrait would appear of her. We commended ourselves and England to her prayers. All English (she said) who had seen her had done the same. She commended herself by us to the Bishop's blessing and intercession with 'Il vescovo di tutti,' (something she said quite indistinct). This is the substance of my notes written on the spot. I must add to it, that every Friday since the date above, and only on Friday, the wounds have bled; that the doctor told us he had seen her feet a hundred times, which are marked like the hands, but the blood runs up towards the toes; as it does up the nose, which we saw. Her side wound has been seen by several women, her sister among others, whom we talked much to. She was perfectly simple, wanted no money, and treated her sister more as an invalid than anything else. The Dr. Yoris's presence was, I think, a very great advantage to us. It put all reserve out of the question, if any would otherwise have been observable, and enabled us to see her more as she always is, and no doubt to stay longer, to draw the cur-

tain aside, &c. My impression was of great awe at the sight: the day Friday, and the supernatural facts of the flow of blood from a person taking no nourishment or food of any kind, the course taken by the blood,—but the sight of the dark mask of blood was what first and most painfully struck me. The simplicity, and apparent domesticity, of her way of speaking—her smiling and answering the doctor's questions—struck me next. As he said, a secular question is answered in the tone of this world, a religious one in that of the other. She seems conscious herself of nothing beyond God's chastisement for her sins; therefore she is shy of showing or speaking of herself beyond what is necessary as information to serious inquirers. The wound in her side she refused to show any man, though she said any number of women, physician's wives, if they would, might see it, for it needed no medical treatment. She does not seem conscious of being in any extraordinary or miraculous way the vehicle, as such, of Divine Grace; but she is patient, exceedingly, and strives, as she says, to do all God's will. Nothing remarkable in a religious way is recorded of her early character. 'Una buona ragazza,' the doctor called her, but no more; he said especially not 'bigotta.' Is it not a palpable evidence of our Lord's presence to us in His sufferers, to bring home the actuality of what is taught us of the spiritual things we have been born into, yet to confound spiritual pride? 'Thy ways are in the sea, and Thy paths are in the great waters, and Thy footsteps are not known.'

We have not room for Maria Mörl the Estatica, nor is it worth while; and we must content ourselves with another miracle, received from the Superior of the Sisters of Charity:—

"As we rose," says the rector of Launton, "to leave I asked him if the *Sœur de Charité* were still living to whom the vision of the Blessed Virgin had been granted. He replied that she was. But you have heard, I suppose, the miracle which has happened lately. We said we had not. A young novice, he continued, of the *Sœurs de la Charité*, on the 30th April last, received, in attending a sick sister, a most violent luxation of the vertebral column. The surgeon considered her case so full of danger that he refused to operate on it without calling in another. The head was turned round and pressed closely on the left shoulder; paralysis had seized on the left side, and the right was beginning to be affected. The surgeon said an operation might be performed, but in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred it failed. She had been several days in this state; the Supérieure of the Sisters was asked for a written authorisation to operate on her; she did not like to agree to this, unless the patient herself demanded it. At length they determined on a novena of prayers to S. Vincent de Paul, the feast of the translation of whose relics they were then celebrating. This began on Sunday, the 7th May. After this had begun, the patient expressed the most earnest desire to be carried into the church of S. Vincent de Paul, and to be laid before the shrine containing his relics over the altar. She had the most confident persuasion that she should be cured by his intercession. Her confessor, as he told me, set himself against it as much as he could—he had given over her case, and was going to administer the last sacraments to her on the next day. At her repeated request it was referred to the Supérieur Général, and he gave his consent that she should be carried on a couch to the church between four and five in the morning. The Supérieur said to himself, as he told us, the case is desperate; if she dies on the way it will be no worse than it is now. She was accordingly carried to the church on Tuesday, the 9th of May, and laid before the altar; as the Mass went on, at the Gospel she took her face with both hands and pushed it round from where it had been pressed on the left shoulder beyond its proper place to the right. At the elevation she tried to rise, but to no purpose. She received the Holy Communion with the utmost difficulty, and in the greatest pain; but, before the priest had finished the Mass, she rose of herself from her bed, perfectly cured, and knelt down. She staid in the church while another:

Mass was said, en action de Graces; and then walked back to the house of the Sisters of Charity in the Rue du Bac (about ten minutes' walk). The Bishop of Carcassonne, who was in the church, about to say Mass at the time, was told by the Supérieur Général what had happened. He said to her, 'Doubtless, you prayed fervently?' 'No, my Lord,' she replied; 'I did not pray; I believed.' ('Non, Monseigneur, je ne priais pas; je croyais.')

"After this account I inquired of the Supérieur Général whether we might be allowed to see and speak with the young person to whom this had happened; 'for,' I said, 'people in England will simply disbelieve it.' He consented, and sent for a priest to take us to the house of the Sisters of Charity, with a request to the Supérieure to let us see the novice. This priest was her confessor; and from him we heard a great deal in confirmation of the above account; how hopeless her case had appeared, and how bent she was upon being carried before S. Vincent's shrine, which he had discouraged as much as possible. We also saw the Mère Supérieure, who gave the same information. At length the novice herself was introduced, who told the same tale in a very simple and natural way. She described herself as in such a suffering state that she did not attempt to pray in the church; that she heard a sort of crack in her neck, and thereupon thrust her face round from the left to the right side—so that the sister, who was with her put it back just right; but after this she continued in extreme pain and weakness; tried in vain to rise at the elevation; and only a little after receiving the Holy Communion felt suddenly quite well. She had never since felt the least return of her pain. I asked her how the accident had happened. She said she had taken up the sick sister to support her, when, by some mishap, the whole weight of her body fell on her neck. Others told me that her confidence of being healed had been so great, that before she was carried to the church she had said to the sister waiting on her, 'You may put my 'convert' in the refectory for to-morrow, for I shall return on foot.' When the surgeon came, after her return, to see her, the sister told him that the patient had no need of his services. 'What! she is dead!' he said. 'No,' replied the sister, 'she is cured.' 'She is cured! How?' He then asked to see her; and was obliged to confess that it was a perfect cure. M. Hervé stutters a little, and his agitation at finding a patient in such a state so unexpectedly cured added to this defect. I was told that he shook her head about in every direction, exclaiming, 'C'était cassé! c'était cassé! c'était cassé!'

Of miracles generally the author observes:—

"It is a simple exercise of God's creative power attending, it is true, on the virtue flowing over from our Saviour to His saints, that a malady is removed by the intercession of a saint, whose relics are approached in faith."

THE SIKHS.

A History of the Sikhs, &c. By J. D. Cunningham. Murray.

No publication could be more *apropos* than this; and the author has displayed in it the ability necessary to make it intrinsically valuable, as much as well timed. During the last eight years, Captain Cunningham has been employed not only as an engineer officer, but as an agent in important services in the country which has now occupied his pen; and the general result is a more systematic history of the sect called Sikhs than we had hitherto obtained from the many interesting sketches which have appeared on the subject. It is thus an episode of Indian annals standing out in high relief by itself, and deserving to be studied as one of the striking developments of Oriental combinations and events which seem to happen in series, as Mahatta, Gorka, &c. &c.—which have been and will be! The brief preliminary view of the Punjab, and the various tribes who inhabit it and the adjacent territories, is a very useful portion of the work, and enables the reader to see more clearly through the historical circumstances which attended the rise and

consolidation of the Sikh religion and power. In the latter end of the fifteenth and commencement of the sixteenth century, the famed Nanuk reduced the former to a system of faith, so far superseding Brahmanism, Buddhism, Savaism, Hero worship, Mahometanism, and other doctrines. Nanuk was succeeded by other Goroos, of more or less celebrity, and at the close of the seventeenth century Govind became pre-eminent in the double capacity of teacher and ruler. And so, to the present day, for more than three centuries has this sect been growing, amid the struggles of war, alternate victories and defeats, massacres and martyrdoms, till the last great Maharaja, Runjeet Singh, annexed Moultan, Cashmeer, Peshawar, and other states to his dominions, and reigned paramount as one of the foremost of Indian sovereigns. The Mahatta war brought him and the Sikhs into closer political intercourse with our government and forces; and for a number of years a tolerably good and friendly understanding was upon the whole maintained, notwithstanding the occasional clashing of objects and interests. In 1839 the Lion of Lahore died; and intrigues of every kind distracted the Punjab, where Singh after Singh aimed at the supremacy, and intestine feuds, treacheries, and murders marked the path of each. At the end of 1845, the contentions and storms had been brewed up into a war with the English.

Into this, the most important part of his subject, Captain Cunningham enters with much spirit, and describes the four principal battles which led the victors to Lahore, with a soldierly spirit, and sometimes quite in a Homeric style. We observe that he speaks highly of the Sikh military character, and does not estimate their numbers opposed at anything like the forces understood from the Dispatches and Gazette accounts. He also attributes their defeats to the treachery of their chiefs, Lal Singh and Tej Singh, who took them where they should be peppered, their policy being to have them shattered and dispersed,—like the Mamelukes of Egypt and the Janissaries of Turkey. The author also thinks that our commanders and political agents had formed very incompetent notions of what the Sikhs could do; and were consequently to a certain degree unprepared to meet their invasion, as they would otherwise have been.

Having made a summary of the general tenor of the work, and being aware of the public familiarity with the matters to which it relates, we shall only quote a few short passages, to show how the author has executed his task, and offered the opinions to which we have alluded. In December 1845, he says,—

"As the authority of the army began to predominate, and to derive force from its system of committees, a new danger threatened the territorial chiefs and the adventurers in the employ of the government. They might successively fall before the cupidity of the organized body which none could control, or an able leader might arise who would absorb the power of all others, and gratify his followers by the sacrifice of the rich, the selfish, and the feeble. Even the Raja of Jummo, always so reasonably averse to a close connexion with the English, began to despair of safety as a feudatory in the hills, or of authority as a minister at Lahore, without the aid of the British name, and Lal Singh, Tej Singh, and many others, all equally felt their incapacity to control the troops. These men considered that their only chance of retaining power was to have the army removed by inducing it to engage in a contest which they believed would end in its dispersion, and pave the way for their recognition as ministers more surely than if they did their duty by the people, and earnestly deprecated a war which must destroy the independence of the Punjab. Had the shrewd committees of the armies observed no military preparations on the part of the English, they would not have heeded the insidious exhortations of such mercenary men as Lal Singh and Tej Singh, although in former days they would have marched uninquiringly towards Delhi at the bidding of their great Maharaja. But the views of the government functionaries coincided with the belief of the impulsive soldiery; and when the men were tauntingly asked whether they would quietly

look on while the limits of the Khalsa dominion were being reduced, and the plains of Lahore occupied by the remote strangers of Europe, they answered that they would defend with their lives all belonging to the commonwealth of Govind, and that they would march and give battle to the invaders on their own ground.

"The initiative was thus taken by the Sikhs; but considering the English to have been sincerely desirous of living at peace with the Punjab, the policy adopted by them does not show that strict adherence to formal engagements, and that high wisdom and sure foresight which should distinguish the counsels of an intelligent power, acquainted with actual life, and with the examples of history. Reference was only had to the probability of Sikh inroads, of a weak neighbour running upon certain destruction, and little heed was given to the original arrangement, which left the province of Sirhind almost free of troops and of English subjects, and which placed a confederacy of dependent states between themselves and Lahore to soften the mutual action of a half barbarous military dominion, and of a humane and civilized government. The sincerity of the English rulers is not to be doubted, but their honesty can only be admitted at the expense of their judgment and knowledge of mankind.

"The English not only undervalued their enemy, but they likewise mistook the form which the long-expected aggressions of the Sikhs would assume. It was not thought that the ministry, or even that the army would have the courage to cross the river in force, and to court an equal contest; the known treasonable views of the chiefs, and the unity and depth of feeling which possessed the troops, were equally disregarded, and it continued to be believed that a desultory warfare would sooner or later ensue, which would require the British to interfere, but which would still enable them to do so at their own convenience. Thus boats for bridges, and regiments and guns, the provocatives to a war, were sufficiently numerous; but food and ammunition, and carriage and hospital stores, such as were necessary for a campaign, were all behind at Delhi or Agra, or still remained to be collected."

We must copy one of the Homeric specimens: it speaks of Sobraon:—

"The field was resplendent with embattled warriors, one moment umbered in volumes of sulphurous smoke, and another brightly apparent amid the splendor of beaming brass and the cold and piercing rays of polished steel. The roar and loud reverberation of the ponderous ordnance added to the impressive interest of the scene, and fell gratefully upon the ear of the intent and enduring soldier. But as the sun rose higher, it was felt that a distant and aimless cannonade would still leave the strife to be begun, and victory to be achieved by the valiant hearts of the close-fighting infantry. The guns ceased for a time, and each warrior addressed himself in silence to the coming conflict—a glimmering eye and a firmer grasp of his weapon alone telling of the mighty spirit which wrought within him. The left division of the British army advanced in even order and with a light step to the attack, but the original error of forming the regiments in line instead of in column rendered the contest more unequal than such assaults need necessarily be. Every shot from the enemy's lines told upon the expanse of men, and the greater part of the division was driven back by the deadly fire of muskets and swivels and enfilading artillery. On the extreme left, the regiments effected an entrance amid the advanced banks and trenches of petty outworks where possession could be of little avail; but their comrades on the right were animated by the partial success; they chafed under the disgrace of repulse, and forming themselves instinctively into wedges and masses, and headed by an old and fearless leader, they rushed forward in wrath. With a shout they leaped the ditch, and upswarming, they mounted the rampart, and stood victorious amid captured cannon. But the effort was great; the Sikhs fought with steadiness and resolution; guns in the interior were turned upon the exhausted assailants, and the

line of trench alone was gained. Nor was this achievement the work of a moment. The repulse of the first assailants required that the central division should be brought forward, and these supporting regiments also moved in line against ramparts higher and more continuous than the barriers which had foiled the first efforts of their comrades. They too recoiled in confusion before the fire of the exulting Sikhs; but at the distance of a furlong they showed both their innate valour and habitual discipline by rallying and returning to the charge.

"Along the stronger half of the battlements, and for the period of half an hour, the conflict raged sublime in all its terrors. The parapets were sprinkled with blood from end to end; the trenches were filled with the dead and the dying. Amid the deafening roar of cannon, and the multitudinous fire of musketry, the shouts of triumph or of scorn were yet heard, and the flashing of innumerable swords was yet visible; or from time to time exploding magazines of powder, threw bursting shells and beams of wood and banks of earth high above the agitated sea of smoke and flame which enveloped the host of combatants, and for a moment arrested the attention amid all the din and tumult of the tremendous conflict. But gradually each defensible position was captured, and the enemy was pressed towards the scarcely fordable river; yet, although assailed on either side by squadrons of horse and battalions of foot, no Sikh offered to submit, and no disciple of Govind asked for quarter. They everywhere showed a front to the victors, and stalked slowly and sullenly away, while many rushed singly forth to meet assured death by contending with a multitude. The victors looked with stolid wonderment upon the indomitable courage of the vanquished, and forebore to strike when the helpless and the dying frowned unavailing hatred. But the warlike rage, or the calculating policy of the leaders, had yet to be satisfied, and standing with the slain heaped on all sides around them, they urged troops of artillery almost into the waters of the Sutlej to more thoroughly destroy the army which had so long scorned their power. No deity of heroic fable received the living within the oozy gulphs of the oppressed stream, and its current was choked with added numbers of the dead and crimsoned with the blood of a fugitive multitude.

"Such is the lust of never-dying fame."

But vengeance was complete; the troops, defiled with dust and smoke and carnage, stood mute indeed for a moment, until the glory of their success rushing upon their minds, they gave expression to their feelings, and hailed their victorious commanders with reiterated shouts of triumph and congratulation.

We conclude with one brief extract more, which may explain how the Sikhs have again fought so bravely at Moulton, and against Lord Gough,—

"While the Governor General and Commander-in-Chief remained at Lahore at the head of twenty thou-

"Compare Lord Gough's despatch of the 13th February, 1846, and Macgregor's *History of the Sikhs*, li. 154, &c. The casualties on the side of the British were 320 killed, and 2083 wounded. The loss of the Sikhs, perhaps, exceeded 5000, and possibly amounted to 8000, the lower estimate of the English despatches.

"The Commander-in-Chief estimated the force of the Sikhs at 20,000 men, and it was frequently said they had thirty-six regiments in position; but it is, nevertheless, doubtful whether there were so many as 20,000 armed men in the trenches. The numbers of the actual assailants may be estimated at 15,000 effective soldiers.

"Subrahon, or correctly Subrahán, the name by which the battle is known, is taken from that of a small village, or rather two small villages, in the neighbourhood. The villages in question were inhabited by the subdivision of a tribe called Subrah, or, in the plural, Subrahán; and hence the name became applied to their place of residence, and has at last become identified with a great and important victory."

"The Punjab.—Mr. Wyld has, with his usual activity, published a map of the recent actions in the Punjab, on the Chenab, near Sooraj-Koond, and at Sooraj-walla. Two of the divisions (for the whole is on one small sheet) show Moulton, and its Siege. On the last battle and its dreadful loss, a private letter which we have received remarks:—"Gough" (as he says) "had his blood put up, and, as usual, there has been a frightful sacrifice of life. It is now hinted that the — always goes at it savagely after tiffin," (the Indian lunch.)

sand men, portions of the Sikh army came to the capital to be paid up and disbanded. The soldiers showed neither the despondency of mutinous rebels nor the effrontery and indifference of mercenaries, and their manly deportment added lustre to that valour which the victors had dearly felt and generously extolled. The men talked of their defeat as the chance of war, or they would say that they were mere imitators of unapproachable masters. But amid all their humiliation, they inwardly dwelt upon their future destiny with unabated confidence; and while gaily calling themselves inapt and youthful scholars, they would sometimes add, with a significant and sardonic smile, that the 'Khálasa' itself was yet a child, and that as the commonwealth of Sikhs grew in stature, Govind would clothe his disciples with irresistible might and guide them with unequalled skill. Thus brave men sought consolation, and the spirit of progress which collectively animated them yielded with a murmur to the superior genius of England and civilization, to be chastened by the rough hand of power, and perhaps to be moulded to noblest purposes by the informing touch of knowledge and philosophy."

STATISTICS OF POETRY.

[This week's Statistics embrace 4 volumes, 410 pages, and 8200 lines.]

Reader! walk up at once (it will soon be too late) and buy at a perfectly ruinous rate *A Fable for Critics*; or better—I like, as a thing that the reader's first fancy may strike, an old fashioned Title-page; such as presents a tabular view of the volume's contents—a *Glance at a Few of our Literary Progenies* (Mrs. Malaprop's word) from the Tub of Diogenes; that is, a *Series of Jokes by a Wonderful Quiz, who accompanies himself with a rub-a-dub-dub, full of spirit and grace on the top of the tub*. Set forth in October, the 21st day, in the year '48. By G. P. Putman, Broadway. pp. 78

SUCH is the quaint title-page of a very clever poem; and one which, as far as it goes, affords the smartest view of the literature and authors of the smartest nation of the earth, which has reached us from across the Atlantic. But the remarks are not merely smart; as far as we can judge from our acquaintance with the works and writers touched upon, they are exceedingly correct and just, showing, at the same time, critical taste and judgment and pith and humour. In a word, we pin our faith to the running and rhyming commentary of Master Quiz, as the best review of American publication which we have seen, and "set forth in" the most entertaining manner, yet he says:—

"My friends, in the happier days of the muse, We were luckily free from such things as reviews; Then naught came between with its fog to make clearer The heart of the poet to that of his hearer."

"But now, on the poet's dis-privacied moods With do this and do that the pert critic intrudes; While he thinks he's been barely fulfilling his duty To interpret twixt men and their own sense of beauty, And has striven, while others sought honour or pelf, To make his kind happy as he was himself, He finds he's been guilty of horrid offences In all kinds of moods, numbers, genders, and tenses; He's been objective, subjective, what Kettle calls Pot, Precisely, at all events, what he ought not, You have done this, says one judge; done that, says another; You should have done this, grumbles one; that, says t'other; Never mind what he touches, one shrieks out Taboo! And while he is wondering what he shall do, Since each suggests opposite topics for song, They all shout together you're right! or you're wrong!"

"Nature fits all her children with something to do, He who would write and can't write, can surely review, Can set up a small booth as critic and sell his Petty conceit and his pettier jealousies; Thus a lawyer's apprentice, just out of his teens, Will do for the Jeffrey of six magazines; Having read Johnson's lives of the poets half through, There's nothing on earth he's not competent to; He reviews with as much nonchalance as he whistles,— He goes through a book and just picks out the thistles, It matters not whether he blame or commend, If he's bad as a foe, he's far worse as a friend; Let an author but write what's above his poor scope, And he'll go to work gravely and twist up a rope, And, inviting the world to see punishment done, Hang himself up to bleach in the wind and the sun;

'Tis delightful to see, when a man comes along Who has anything in him peculiar and strong, Every cockboat that swims clear its fierce (pop-) gundeek at him And make as he passes its ludicrous Peck at him."

It is pleasant to have one of the calling thus describing the peck-ant alias peccant portion of the pop-gun fraternity, and we follow him as a great exemplar of the art. His address "to the Reader" is full of drollery, in prose if you like to read it as it is printed:—

"Having scrawled at full gallop (as far as that goes) in a style that is neither good verse nor bad prose, and being a person whom nobody knows, some people will say I am rather more free with my readers than it is becoming to be, that I seem to expect them to wait on my leisure in following wherever I wander at pleasure; that, in short, I take more than a young Author's lawful ease, and laugh in a queer way so like Mephistopheles, that the public will doubt, as they grope through my rhythm, if in truth I am making fun at them or with them.

"So the excellent Public is hereby assured that the sale of my book is already secured. For there is not a poet throughout the whole land, but will purchase a copy or two out of hand, in the fond expectation of being amused in it, by seeing his betters cut up and abused in it. Now, I find, by a pretty exact calculation, there are something like ten thousand bards in the nation, of that special variety whom the Review and Magazine critics call *lofty* and *true*, and about thirty thousand (this tribe is increasing) of the kinds who are termed *full of promise* and *pleasing*. The Public will see by a glance at this schedule, that they cannot expect me to be over-sedulous about courting them, since it seems I have got enough fuel made sure of for boiling my pot.

"As for such of our poets as find not their names mentioned once in my pages, with praises or blames, let them SEND IN THEIR CARDS, without further DELAY, to my friend, G. P. PUTMAN, Esquire, in Broadway, where a LIST will be kept with the strictest regard to the day and the hour of receiving the card. Then, taking them up as I chance to have time, (that is, if their names can be twisted in rhyme,) I will honestly give each his PROPER POSITION, at the rate of ONE AUTHOR to each NEW EDITION. Thus a PREMIUM is offered sufficiently HIGH (as the magazines say when they tell their best lie) to induce bards to CLUD their resources and buy the balance of every edition, until they have all of them fairly been run through the mill.

"One word to such readers (judicious and wise) as read books with something behind the mere eyes, of whom in the country, perhaps, there are two, including myself, gentle reader, and you. All the characters sketched in this slight *jeu d'esprit*, though, it may be, they seem here and there rather free, and drawn from a Mephistophelian stand-point, are meant to be faithful, and that is the grand point, and none but an owl would feel sore at a rub from a jester who tells you, without any subterfuge, that he sits in Diogenes' tub."

The Fable now starts off in measured lines; and the introduction of Apollo (who is to sit as coroner on those who have tried the laurel water or prussic acid) might do honour to the Punter Mommus:—

"Phebus, sitting one day in a laurel-tree's shade, Was reminded of Daphne, of whom it was made, For the God being one day too warm in his wooing, She took to the tree to escape his pursuing; Be the cause what it might, from his offers she shrunk, And, Ginevra-like, shut herself up in a trunk; And, though 'twas a step into which he had driven her, He somehow or other had never forgiven her; Her memory he nursed as a kind of a tonic, Something bitter to chew when he'd play the Byronic, And I can't count the obstinate nymphs that he brought over, By a strange kind of smile he put on when he thought of her.

"My case is like Dido's," he sometimes remark'd, "When I last saw my love, she was fairly embark'd; Let hunters from me take this saw when they need it,—You're not always sure of your game when you've treed it. Just conceive such a change taking place in one's mistress! What romance would be left?—who can flatter or kiss trees?"

And for mercy's sake, how could one keep up a dialogue
With a dull wooden thing that will live and will die a log—
Not to say that the thought would for ever intrude
That you've less chance to win her the more she is woo'd?
Ah! it went to my heart, and the memory still grieves,
To see those loved graces all taking their leaves;
Those charms beyond speech, so enchanting but now,
As they left me for ever, each making its bough!
If her tongue had a tang sometimes more than was right,
Her new bark is worse than ten times her old bite."

But we pass over the rest of the general prefatory matter to come to particulars; and not stopping at the learned individuals first shown in the court of Apollo, suppose we take them in the way of a regimental roll-call, as a distinct and concise mode of informing English readers:—

EMERSON.*

"There comes Emerson first, whose rich words, every one,
Are like gold nails in temples to hang trophies on,
Whose prose is grand verse, while his verse, the Lord knows,
Is some of it prose—No, 'tis not even prose."

All admire, and yet scarcely six converts he's got
To I don't (nor they either) exactly know what;
For though he builds glorious temples, 'tis odd
He leaves never a doorway to get in a god.
'Tis refreshing to old-fashioned people like me,
To meet such a primitive Pagan as he,
In whose mind all creation is duly respected
As parts of himself—just a little projected."

So perfect a balance there is in his head,
That he talks of things sometimes as if they were dead;
Life, nature, love, God, and affairs of that sort,
He looks at as merely ideas; in short,
As if they were fossils stuck round in a cabinet,
Of such vast extent that our Earth's a mere dab in it;
Composed just as he is inclined to conjecture her,
Namely, one part pure earth, ninety-nine parts pure lecturer."

You are filled with delight at his clear demonstration,
Each figure, word, gesture, just fits the occasion,
With the quiet precision of science he'll sort 'em,
But you can't help suspecting the whole a post mortem."

"There are persons, mole-blind to the soul's make and style,
Who insist on likeness 'twixt him and Carlyle;
To compare him with Plato would be vastly fairer,
Carlyle's the more burly, but E. is the rarer."

His imitators are cuttishly handled, and Messrs.
Alcott, Bronson, &c., flourish in the song. Of the last-mentioned writer it is said:—

"The worst of it is, that his logic's so strong,
That of two sides he commonly chooses the wrong;
If there is only one, why, he'll split in two,
And first pummel this half, then that, black and blue.
That white's white needs no proof, but it takes a deep fellow

To prove it jet-black, and that jet-black is yellow.
He offers the true faith to drink in a sieve—
When it reaches your lips there's naught left to believe
But a few silly (syllable, I mean), -gisms that squat'em,
Like tadpoles, o'erjoyed with the mud at the bottom."

We now come to an author more familiar on this side of the world:—

WILLIS.

"There is Willis, so natty and jaunty and gay,
Who says his best things in so foppish a way,
With conceits and pet phrases so thickly o'erlaying 'em,
That one hardly knows whether to thank him for saying 'em;

Over-ornament ruins both poem and prose,
Just conceive of a muse with a ring in her nose!
His prose had a natural grace of its own,
And enough of it, too, if he'd let it alone;

* It may amuse our readers to see in what terms Mr. Emerson is spoken of by another of his countrymen-critics. In England his lectures do not appear to have been so well understood:—"It is quite out of character to say Mr. Emerson lectures—he does no such thing. He drops nectar—he chips out sparks—he exhales odours—he lets off mental skyrocket and fireworks—he spouts fire, and, conjuror-like, draws ribbons out of his mouth. He smokes, he sparkles, he improvises, he shouts, he sings, he explodes like a bundle of crackers, he goes off in fiery eruptions like a volcano, but he does not lecture. He is a vitalized speculation—a talking essence—a sort of celestial emanation—a bit of transparency broken from the spheres—a spiritual prism through which we see all beautiful rays of immaterial existence. His leaping fancy mounts upward like an India rubber ball, and drifts and falls like a snowflake or a feather. He moves in the regions of similitudes. He comes through the air like a cherub with a golden trumpet in his mouth, out of which he blows tropes and figures and gossamer transparencies of suggestive fancies. He takes high flights, and sustains himself without ruffling a feather. He inverts the rainbow, and uses it for a swing—now sweeping the earth, and now slapping his hands among the stars."

But he twitches and jerks so, one fairly gets tired,
And is forced to forgive where he might have admired;
Yet whenever it slips away free and unaliced,
It runs like a stream, with a musical waste,
And gurgles along with the liquidest sweep—
'Tis not deep as a river, but who'd have it deep?"

His nature's a glass of champagne with the foam on 't,
As tender as Fletcher, as witty as Beaumont;
So his best things are done in the flush of the moment,
If he wait, all is spoiled; he may stir it and shake it,
But, the fixed air once gone, he can never re-make it."

PARKER.

"Here comes Parker, the Orson of parsons, a man
Whom the Church undertook to put under her ban,—
(The Church of Socinus, I mean)—his opinions
Being so—(ultra)—cinian, they shocked the Socinians;
They believed—faith, I'm puzzled—I think I may call
Their belief a believing in nothing at all,
Or something of that sort; I know they all went
For a general union of total dissent:
He went a step farther; without cough or hem,
He frankly avowed he believed not in them;
And, before he could be jumbled up or prevented,
From their orthodox kind of dissent he dissented.
There was heresy here."

And here we leave it and its Professor, who

"Turned up his nose at their mumbling and shamming,
And cared (shall we say?) not a d—for their damming."

BRYANT.

"There is Bryant, as quiet, as cool, and as dignified,
As a smooth, silent iceberg, that never is ignifed,
Save when by reflection 'tis kindled o'er nights
With a semblance of flame by the chill Northern Lights.
He may rank (Griswold says so) first bard of your nation,
(There's no doubt that he stands in supreme ice-olation.)
Your topmost Parnassus he may set his heel on,
But no warm applauses come, peal following peal on,—
He's too smooth and too polished to hang an ear on;
Unqualified merits, I'll grant, if you choose, he has 'em,
But he lacks the one merit of kindling enthusiasm;
If he stir you at all, it is just, on my soul,
Like being stirred up with the very North Pole."

WHITTIER.

"There was ne'er a man born who had more of the swing
Of the true lyric bard and all that kind of thing;
And his failures arise, (though perhaps he don't know it,)
From the very same cause that has made him a poet,—
A fervour of mind, which knows no separation
'Twixt simple excitement and pure inspiration."

DANA.

"Here comes Dana, abstractedly loitering along,
Involved in a paulo-post-future of song.
Who'll be going to write what'll never be written
Till the Muse, ere he thinks of it, gives him the mitten,—
Who is so well aware of how things should be done,
That his own works displease him before they're begun."

That he once was the Idle Man none will deplore,
But I fear he will never be anything more;
The ocean of song heaves and glitters before him,
The depth and the vastness and longing sweep o'er him,
He knows every breaker and shoal on the chart,
He has the Coast Pilot at his elbow by heart,
Yet he spends his whole life, like the man in the fable,
In learning to swim on his library-table."

NEAL.

"There swaggers John Neal, who has wasted in Maine
The sinews and cords of his pugilist brain,
Who might have been poet, but that, in its stead, he
Preferred to believe that he was so already;
Too hasty to wait till Art's ripe fruit should drop,
He must pelt down an unripe and cholic crop;
Who took to the law, and had this sterling plea for it,
It required him to quarrel, and paid him a fee for it;
A man who's made less than he might have been, because
He always has thought himself more than he was,—
Who, with very good natural gifts as a bard,
Broke the strings of his lyre out by striking too hard,
And cracked half the notes of a truly fine voice,
Because song drew less instant attention than noise.
Ah, men do not know how much strength is in poise,
That he goes the farthest who goes far enough,
And that all beyond that is just bother and stuff.
No vain man matures, he makes too much new wood;
His blooms are too thick for the fruit to be good;
'Tis the modest man ripens, 'tis he that achieves.
Just what's needed of sunshine and shade he receives;
Grapes, to mellow, require the cool dark of their leaves;
Neal wants balance; he throws his mind always too far,
And whisks out flocks of comets, but never a star;
He has so much muscle, and loves so to show it,
That he strips himself naked to prove he's a poet,
And, to show he's good, leaps Art's wide ditch, if he tried,
Jumps clean o'er it, and into the hedge t'other side.
He has strength, but there's nothing about him in keeping;
One gets surer onward by walking than leaping;
He has used his own sinews himself to distress,
And had done vastly more had he done vastly less;
In letters, too soon is as bad as too late,
Could he only have waited he might have been great,
But he plumped into Helicon up to the waist,
And muddled the stream ere he took his first taste."

We have given the whole of this character, because the criticism is so excellent, and so applicable to hundreds of poets and pseudo-poets who struggle in the old world as well as in the new:—

HAWTHORNE.

"There is Hawthorne, with genius so shrinking and rare
That you hardly at first see the strength that is there;
A frame so robust, with a nature so sweet,
So earnest, so graceful, so solid, so fleet,
Is worth a descent from Olympus to meet."

COOPER.

"Here's Cooper, who's written six volumes to show
He's as good as a lord: well, let's grant that he's so;
If a person prefer that description of praise,
Why, a coronet's certainly cheaper than bays;
But he need take no pains to convince us he's not
(As his enemies say) the American Scott.
Choose any twelve men, and let C. read aloud
That one of his novels of which he's most proud,
And I'd lay any bet that, without ever quitting
Their box, they'd be all, to a man, for acquitting.
He has drawn you one character, though, that is new,
One wildflower he's plucked that is wet with the dew
Of this fresh Western world, and, the thing not to mince,
He has done nought but copy it ill ever since;
His Indians, with proper respect he said,
Are just Natty Bumppo daubed over with red,
And his very Long Foms are the same useful Nat,
Rigged up in duck pants and a sou'-wester hat,
(Though, once in a Coffin, a good chance was found
To have slept the old fellow away underground.)
All his other men-figures are clothes upon sticks,
The *dernier chemise* of a man in a fix,
(As a captain besieged, when his garrison's small,
Sets up caps upon poles to be seen o'er the wall);
And the women he draws from one model don't vary,
All sassy as maples and flat as a prairie.
When a character's wanted, he goes to the task
As a cooper would do in composing a cask;
He picks out the staves, of their qualities heedful,
Just hoops them together as tight as is needful,
And, if the best fortune should crown the attempt, he
Has made at the most something wooden and empty."

The author qualifies this severity somewhat afterwards, and praises him for not flattering national prejudices or errors in his strictures:—

"And I honour the man who is willing to sink
Half his present repute for the freedom to think,
And, when he has thought, be his cause strong or weak,
Will risk t'other half for the freedom to speak,
Caring nought for what vengeance the mob has in store,
Let that mob be the upper ten thousand or lower."

This induces some palpable reflections on the two countries:—

"There are truths you Americans need to be told,
And it never'll refute them to swagger and scold;
John Bull, looking o'er the Atlantic, in choler
At your aptness for trade, says you worship the dollar;
But to scorn such i-dollar-try's what very few do,
And John goes to that church as often as you do.
No matter what John says, don't try to outgrow him,
'Tis enough to go quietly on and outgrow him;
Like most fathers, Bull hates to see Number One
Displacing himself in the mind of his son,
And detests the same faults in himself he'd neglected
When he sees them again in his child's glass reflected;
To love one another you're too like by half,
If he is a bull, you're a pretty stout calf,
And tear your own pasture for nought but to show
What a nice pair of horns you're beginning to grow."

Miranda is an anonymous we do not recognise, the whole of whose being's a capital I, and this tends to a clever digression on bores:—

"I divide bores myself, in the manner of rifles,
Into two great divisions, regardless of trifles:—
There's your smooth-bore and screw-bore, who do not
much vary
In the weight of cold lead they respectively carry.
The smooth-bore is one in whose essence the mind
Not a corner nor cranny to cling by can find;
You feel as in nightmares sometimes, when you slip
Down a steep slated roof where there's nothing to grip,
You slide and you slide, the blank horror increases,
You had rather by far be at once smashed to pieces,
You fancy a whirlpool below white and frothing,
And finally drop off and light upon—nothing."
The screw-bore is as neatly hit off, but we must go on with the roll-call:—

FRANCO.

"There comes Harry Franco, and, as he draws near,
You find that's a smile which you took for a sneer;
One half of him contradicts t'other, his wont
Is to say very sharp things and do very blunt."

POE.

"There comes Poe with his raven, like Barnaby Rudge,
Three-fifths of him genius and two-fifths sheer fudge,
Who talks like a book of iambs and pentameters,
In a way to make people of common sense damn metres,
Who has written some things quite the best of their kind,
But the heart somehow seems all squeezed out by the mind."

Philothea is another lady-bird anonymous—quare Child—then

IRVING.

"What! Irving? thrice welcome, warm heart and fine brain,
You bring back the happiest spirit from Spain,
And the gravest sweet thought, that ever were there
Since Cervantes met death in his gentle despair."

But allow me to speak what I honestly feel,—
To a true poet-heart add the fun of Dick Steele,
Throw in all of Addison, minus the chill,
With the whole of that partnership's stock and good will,
Mix well, and, while stirring, hum o'er, as a spell,
The fine old English Gentleman, simmer it well,
Sweeten just to your own private liking, then strain,
That only the finest and clearest remain,
Let it stand out of doors till a soul it receives
From the warm lazy sun loitering down through green leaves,
And you'll find a choice nature, not wholly deserving
A name either English or Yankee,—just Irving."

HOLMES.

"There's Holmes, who is matchless among you for wit;
A Leyden-jar ways full-charged, from which flit
The electrical tingles of hit after hit;
In long poems 'tis painful sometimes."

His are just the fine hands, too, to weave you a lyric
Full of fancy, fun, feeling, or spiced with satyric
In so kindly a measure, that nobody knows
What to do but e'en join in the laugh, friends and foes."

LOWELL.

"There is Lowell, who's striving Parnassus to climb
With a whole bale of *isms* tied together with rhyme,
He might get on alone, spite of brambles and boulders,
But he can't with this, he's a very great poet, I'm told,
The top of the hill he will ne'er come nigh reaching,
Till he learns the distinction 'twixt singing and preaching;
His lyre has some chords that would ring pretty well,
But he'd rather by half make a drum of the shell,
And rattle away till he's old as Methusalem,
At the head of a march to the last New Jerusalem."

HALLECK.

"There goes Halleck, whose Fanny's a pseudo Don Juan,
With the wickedness out that gave salt to the true one,
He's a wit, though, I hear, of the very first order,
And once made a pun on the words soft Recorder;
More than this, he's a very great poet, I'm told,
And has had his works published in crimson and gold,
With something they call 'illustrations,' to wit,
Like those with which Chapman obscured Holy Writ,
Which are said to illustrate, because, as I view it,
Like *lucius a non*, they precisely don't do it;
Let a man who can write what himself understands
Keep clear, if he can, of designing men's hands,
Who bury the sense, if there's any worth having,
And then very honestly call it engraving."

And now we must finish with the Many:—

"But what's that? a mass-meeting? No, there come
in lots
The American Disraelis, Bulwers, and Scotts,
And in short the American everything-elses
Each charging the others with envies and jealousies;—
By the way, 'tis a fact that displays what profusions
Of all kinds of greatness bless free institutions,
That while the Old World has produced barely eight
Of such poets as all men agree to call great,
And of other great characters hardly a score,
(One might safely say less than that rather than more),
With you every year a whole crop is begotten,
They're as much of a staple as corn, or cotton;
Why, there's scarcely a huddle of log-huts and shanties
That has not brought forth its own Miltons and Dantes;
I myself know ten Byrons, one Coleridge, three Shelleys,
Two Raphaels, six Tittians, (I think) one Appelles,
Leonardos and Rubenses plenty as lichens,
One (but that one is plenty) American Dickens,
A whole flock of Lambs, any number of Tennysons,—
In short, if a man has the luck to have any sons,
He may feel pretty certain that one out of twain
Will be some very great person over again."

To avoid similar elevation, we bid a hearty farewell to our transatlantic wit, fellow-reviewer, and bard.

Passion's Progress. By a Northmidlander. London: Pickering. Leeds: Sloccombe, pp. 86

TALENT; but deficient in refinement and polish. There is lyrical spirit; and the author reminds us of a numerous division of poetical writers, who are like boys at the head of a well-conducted seminary, but just require a critical revision and more advanced instruction to finish their education:

"When the ocean waves are dancing
In their wildest stormy glee,
Hast thou marked a sunbeam glancing
O'er the dark and heaving sea?
So, oh! thou of Albion's daughters,
Sunbeam piercing clouded skies,
O'er my lone heart's troubled waters
Shot the radiance of thine eyes."

Hast thou, when the dawn is stealing
Through the wintry evergreen,
Heard the warbled welcome pealing
Where unbroken night had been?
So, when sad and heavy-hearted,
Reft of all that makes rejoice,
After night of hope departed
Came the music of thy voice."

Only one bad expression specks the neatness of this pretty bit of song. A touching farewell is similarly injured,—

"Though it be not mine to share
All the love that waits thee there."

All the love is meant for any part of the love. The following is also very questionable,—

"Lips were twitching, lips were twitching
When the spoken love was bold;
But thy smiles were more bewitching
For the tale they left untold."

The endeavour to excite Labour against Property (which is accumulated labour) is of the wildest school of untruth and injustice. It is furious against the aristocrats, who—

"—have sworn by the Cross
That ye shall not have Food."

"In a Palace appeared
By the skill of your hands,
With a frown on his brow
The Aristocrat stands.
On the carpet ye wove him
He paces along,
And he plots in his heart
To requite ye with wrong.
As he sits at his table
All lavishly served,
He asks for a blessing
Let Labour be starved.
As he quaffs the bright wine
Then the toast that goes round
Is, Down to the dust
Let the Peasant be ground."

Now, if the palace, and the carpet, and the wine have been fairly paid for, it seems to us that neither mason, weaver, nor agriculturist have any reason to complain; but rather to thank good customers for employment justly remunerated, and profits which, if well and wisely used, will raise them to the class thus foolishly and wickedly railed against. Is the Northmidlander not far enough north to perceive that plotting to do wrong to the bricklayer and carpet-maker, and grind the husbandman who cultivates the soil to the dust, can not only have no motive, but that every man with a modicum of common sense must be aware that any oppression of the sort must recoil upon himself, and destroy his enjoyments of palace, furniture, and wine?

Kapiolani: with other Poems. By the Rev. R. Grant, B.C.L. Hatchard and Son, pp. 124
A author of education, taste, and feeling; and yet an example how difficult it is to write truly good poetry. *Kapiolani* relates to the preaching of the Gospel in the Pacific isles, where (it borders on the ludicrous),—

"A group of ten, north of the central line,
Within the tropic called from Cancer's sign,
Nurslings at first of Britain's fostering care,
The honoured name of noble Sandwich bear."

Idol worship is abolished; and the annexed incongruities appear,—

"—where interest swayed,
Where priestcraft trembled for its *waning trade*,
Where dear associations, fondly twined,
Held with fast hold, and cramped the native mind;
As clings the ivy with its fatal clasp,
As the rust binds with its corroding grasp,
So rooted deep, and resolutely strong,
Were their affections fixed on what was dear, tho' wrong."

The annexed description of the improved condition of the natives, in consequence of the missionary labours, is passable enough,—

"No towering palace shut its gorgeous gate
On Christ's ambassador, whose lowly state
Like his great Master's served but to provoke
The courtier's sneer, the menial's coarser joke;
No sons of science proudly dared despise
The only wisdom that could make them wise,
No merchant-prince with selfish avarice
Disdained to buy the pearl of greatest price,
No rivals struggling for an earthly prize
From crowns unfading turned their worldly eyes,
No soft voluptuary in pleasure's bower
Owned not the loveliness of Sharon's flower,
Who, as he quaffed his nectar with alloy,
Dashed from his lips the cup of unmixed joy;

Such thorns as these that grow in less rude climes,
Choked not the heavenly seed, it grew betimes
On the high mountain and the lowly vale,
Which alike echoed with the gospel tale."

But the mass is poor. *Ex. gr.* two brief quotations —

"'Tis thine to breathe without a sense of fear
The sick-room's close and tainted atmosphere."

"The friend of my manhood is gone!
Together we pointed the road
Of duty, where lurks no thorn,
Which Religion has smoothed to God!"

Passion Week. Pickering, pp. 122

In aid of that serious and solemn mood in which Christians desire to spend this holy season, a selection of sacred poetry is here made from Milton, Jeremy Taylor, Giles Fletcher, R. Crashaw, Watts, Cowley, Spenser, Vaughan, Cowper, G. Carey, G. Herbert, and other poets, ancient and modern, which seems to be admirably adapted for the object in view.

AUSTRALIA AND THE PACIFIC.

Perils, Pastimes, and Pleasures of an Emigrant in Australia, Vancouver's Island, and California. Newby.

There is very little about Vancouver's Island or California (and that of too early date to be interesting now); and the volume, written by a surgeon, relates to Australia and to whaling voyages in the Pacific. Towards the close there is also a good deal of the make-weight to swell out the needful number of pages; but there are a good many matters, here and there, worth the reader's notice, and out of which (without dwelling on the faults) we will compose our review. A dedication to Mr. Wyld, M.P., ought to be exempted from exception, as it is a very judicious essay on emigration, and well merits to be considered in reference to that vexed question.

We begin with the marrow of the book itself, and a shocking picture of Sydney:—

"I have seen," says the doctor, "vice in almost every form, and under almost every condition in the old world, but never did it appear to me in so repulsive and disgusting a shape as it exists among the lower orders at Sydney, and, indeed, in almost every place that I have visited in New South Wales. The *Sydneyites* seem to have concentrated all the worst feelings of human nature—beastly drunkenness, sensuality of the grossest and coarsest kind, expressions of the most horrid and sickening nature; in short, everything that debases the human species is there indulged in to the utmost extent, and, being so common, produces among the better sort of residents no feeling of surprise, and excites no comment. The higher class of settlers, as if affected by inhaling so tainted an atmosphere, are selfish, grasping, suspicious, cunning, full of trickery, deceit, and falsehood, in almost all their dealings; and the day is wholly engrossed in endeavours to overreach your neighbour, while the spare time is filled up by indulging in scandal, and drinking to excess, which leads to every other debauchery. When once the foot is placed on this hated spot, all the little courtesies of life disappear, and all refinement of thought, and every generous and elevated sentiment, is instantly extinguished. Poor fallen human nature seems to have sunk to its lowest possible depth in this place."

We have never met with so dark a Caravagian picture of the Sydney folks before; and would fain hope that the depravity is overcharged with blackness. Among the inhabitants, however, our author lights upon a Mr. Watson, a storekeeper, well-to-do, with whom, having a tittle and a gossip, the ex-convict for forgery imparts to him a confession of his London life, which led to his present status, and is by no means favourable to our retail or mercantile classes:

"I was," said Watson, "born, bred, and educated in a small town in Northamptonshire, and my parents were respectable farmers, and pretty well to do in life. As a start in the world, I was apprenticed to a linen-drapery in the country; served five years, and learned my trade, such as it was; then removed to London, to try my fortune in that great whirlpool of

struggling care, honest industry, ambitious hopes, splendid success, and, I must say, of crushing misery to the many, whatever advantage the lucky few may obtain—in that great industrial game which is always on, and never played out, in one way or another, within its eddying rounds. I was lucky at first in obtaining a situation at twenty pounds a year in one of those large houses—whose gandy fronts and well crammed windows, which denote a very plethora of opulence, are an infallible *cyphosure* to ladies' eyes—situate in the neighbourhood of St. Paul's. Our governor—we never called him master—was a religious man, and lived out of town, and, in his way, not a bad sort of character either; but as deeply bitten with the conventional morality of the trade as any shopkeeper possibly could be. His motto was—'sell, sell—fairly and honestly, if you can—but you must sell, or you won't do for me.' If a lady came in, and one of the young men—or women either—for there were a great number of the latter in the shop—could not suit her with an article, he was considered a bad salesman, and depreciated instantly in his annual value, if indeed he was allowed to stop, which was seldom the case. The result of this system—which is almost universally observed throughout London, with a few exceptions—is the rearing up of young men and women thus employed, as unmitigated and rotten liars, which it would be impossible to surpass, as the utmost ingenuity and ability are exercised in devising new schemes to entrap customers, and fresh devices to prevent their escape without making purchases when once entrapped. I have known some of the most audacious liars in those establishments, and well they might be so, for many of the after-hours of business were spent in telling the tricks and devices of the day, in order to sell goods, or, in other terms, to make a 'good book,' which the governor most scrupulously scanned next morning. If you were a good salesmen, or, which is synonymous in linen-draper's etymology, a great liar, that is, technically speaking, if you could *shave* the ladies well, and took a good amount every day, you would be sure to obtain the approbation of the heads of the house, and receive an approving smile or nod from the governor-in-chief, as he made his morning's survey through his well-drilled establishment. That is a very corrupting school, let me remark, and I believe that competition, or the great glut of goods, has produced it in that branch of trade more than in others. My next move in life was to a large wholesale house, which abound in London, where I received a good salary, and succeeded comparatively well. But there you may observe the same system of lying, deceit, and chicanery, and of a more atrocious nature too, as far as genuine morality or common honesty is concerned; but the parties upon whom it is practised are of a more crafty kind than the 'ladies' in the retail shops—being no less than the buyers and masters of these same shops—therefore to compete with them is verifying completely the old proverb of 'dog eating dog,' and to beat that class of men, the most pre-eminent of liars, you must obtain a 'sad pre-eminence' indeed in the art of lying yourself. Having ran the round of the large houses, with the view of enlarging my experience and improving my finances, in both of which I greatly succeeded, I at length determined to commence business on my own account. The times were good—money was easy—I was well known in the manufacturing districts as a buyer—others, with less means, had succeeded, which greatly annoyed me—therefore I made up my mind to try my luck. Imagine me in business with about twelve thousand pounds stock, with liabilities to about fifty thousand, and literally owing twenty thousand—similar to many and many a man in the city of London, I will venture to say, at the present moment—a great depression in trade, a panic in the money market, no bills discounting in any shape; you are desperately hard up for the needful, and with a balance at your bankers', which they had long hinted as too *tapery*, or too *fine*, as their respective terms might be; what could you have done under such circumstances? What!—why stop payment, of course! Nothing but a miracle,

which never occurs in methodical London, in the shape of a secret mine, could save you. That was my case in 1837, and here I am in 184—little thinking that I should have experienced so many and such peculiar changes. Ah! that is an infernal system of business, and breaks many a man's heart. No one should embark in such a business without he has ample capital to carry it on with ease, I think I hear you say; very true, but almost all your wealthy men in England, and especially in London, many of whom have fallen under my observation, have commenced with comparatively little capital. The fact is, when a storm sets in, no matter whence it blows, the great commercial world of England feels it most keenly, and many of her strongest and most stately trees are swept down by it, although fully prepared to live in fair and quiet weather. Talk of misery, too; what can equal the feelings of a man who wishes to do well; who would gladly pay twenty shillings in the pound, and yet cannot turn himself round to do it? Many and many a time have I gone into London in a morning with the most agonized feelings; and many and many a man have I saluted in the well-known Omnibus, with an apparent smile upon my face, who was similarly circumstanced to myself. Talk of the tread-mill—that must be a luxury when compared to the misery which a poor devil must endure who has a heavy bill coming due and very little at his banker's to meet it.

The result in this case is the forgery already alluded to; and strangely, yet strongly, does he express himself when he exclaims,—

"Who has bills falling due and cannot command the means to meet them, and wishes to keep up his credit, may as well have a live cat in his belly, scratching its way out every morning of his existence—no *secure* that."

And, quoting an odd form of speech, we may add another, descriptive of the constable who was the writer's comrade on this excursion:—

"He was a regular soaker, and nothing seemed to come amiss to him—he could stretch his throat, like a ribbed stocking, to anything, from a penorth of gin up to a frothy pot of heavy."

The first whaling voyage ensues, as the surgeon does not find an eligible settlement in Australia, and the visits to many isles about Van Dieman's Land, the Sandwiches, &c., reveal some points of interesting observation, and some accounts of the sailors' orgies with the native women, which had better been omitted. Of the missionary efforts we read, with regret, a very ungracious description:—

"I learnt (says our authority, at an isle called Whyloctack,) that Mr. Riley came out in the Missionary brig, Camden, in company with poor Williams, who was so cruelly murdered at Eromango, by the savage natives of that island; and many singular stories are told of the humbug and duplicity of both missionaries and natives—the one winking to believe that they had made converts, by way of gratifying their vanity, in swelling their own importance in the eyes of the home authorities; the other dissembling, in the most artful manner, and pretending to embrace the doctrines of the missionary, by way of serving some cunning purpose, or acquiring some paltry gain. I could fill a page with the artful dodges which are practised on both sides, as little creditable to the pretended piety of the one, as it is indicative of the low cunning of the other."

Returned to Sydney, we fall upon the following statement, which traces the existing condition of the people to the old assignment system:—

"Your swell-burglars, fences, forgers, swindlers, mail-coach robbers, &c., always advised some old hands in the Colony of their coming, so as to have assignees of the *right sort* to apply for them on their landing. These gentry, moreover, always took care before conviction at home to secure the spoils of their raids on the public, so that they could enter into partnership with their *pseudo* assignees at once, and, frequently, by the time that they underwent the ceremony of *Emancipation*, they were prepared to start a carriage-and-four, and liveried retinue, a town house and a cottage *ornée*, with extensive pleasure-

grounds delightfully overlooking the finest sea-scenery in the world.

"It often happened, too, with the highest class of criminals—lawyers, for instance, who had robbed their clients with so much ingenuity that they were not allowed to practise it any longer at home—that the very enormity of the offence was a sure and immediate passport to a much greater degree of affluence here than they could ever have aspired to in their native land. Their fame, as clever practitioners, preceded them, and the incompetent professional men of the Colony were all on the *qui vive* to obtain from Government a preference of their assignment, and to outbid each other with the convicts themselves for their services. I met a man this morning, driving his barouche and pair along George-street, whose history is a fair illustration of the manner in which these gentry get on. His name is W—, and he was at one time an attorney of considerable repute and practice in Liverpool. Like many other clever people, however, who are not content with making respectable fortunes by persevering in their own calling, this man would fain become rapidly rich by secretly entering into speculations alien to his profession; and, as it mostly happens, he found that he had been throwing away his substance by grasping at shadows. To meet his engagements, and with the hope of retrieving himself, he took to abusing the confidence of his clients, and, ultimately, forged a will, and was sentenced to be transported for life. The dexterity, however, with which he had prevented the fraud from being discovered, for several years, was a theme of general conversation, and the fame of it had reached the Colony before his arrival. A young lawyer named A—, who had previously been destitute of business, was fortunate enough to obtain the assignment of this celebrated rogue, and from that day clients beset his offices in shoals. W— of course was, under the rose, the *active*, and A— only the *sleeping*, partner in the concern; and the former thus jumped into a vastly more lucrative business, on the strength of his bad character, than he had enjoyed at home on the strength of a good one.

"There was also another dodge, which was the more remarkable, because it was generally connived at by the authorities; but, as before, I had better give you an example, than a description of it. A Jew in Petticoat Lane, who had been a notorious fence for years in London, at last carried his pitcher to the well once too often—in short, he was *nabbed* and *tagged*. From the first, he was quite aware that the scene of his future destiny would be laid in New South Wales; and he set about providing for the change in the most business-like way imaginable. He realized all he possessed, and had it placed to the account of his wife in one of the Sydney banks; and the day after he received his sentence, sent her forward to the colony to be ready for his arrival. Immediately upon his landing, his better half was ready with a petition to the Governor to have him assigned to her as a convict servant; and, as she had qualified as an householder, the assignment was made to her as a matter of course. Indeed, a wife, if she had a family of children to back her claim—and if she had not, she could easily borrow three or four brats for the occasion—rarely failed in having her husband assigned to her; and thus the transported felon not only became his own master, but found himself in a place where he could employ the fruits of his past nefarious courses to more advantage than he could have done, had he been allowed to continue his career at home.

"The large and rapid fortunes which these gentry have made in Sydney would almost appear fabulous, even in the purlieus of Capel Court during an epidemic mania for speculation. The spectacle of a *millionnaire Emancipist* is by no means a *rara avis*; and from five to twenty thousand a year may be taken as the average incomes of the *aristocracy* of that worthy class. Indeed, they quite over-top the free and respectable inhabitants; and the exhibition is the more glaring because they endeavour to revenge themselves for the *noli me tangere* of the untainted

citizen, by the most ostentatious display of their wealth. You shall count hundreds of carriages-and-four, barouches, landaus, &c., on the race-course at *Five-dock Farm*; and your *cicerone* in giving you an account of their proprietors will only be giving you a catalogue of the most successful *felony* of the colony. Still, in spite of their display, there is always the meanness of the *parvenu* amongst these gentry; for they will give anything to acquire a footing in the society of the free settlers, whom, at the same time, they appear so ambitious of outshining. I know an instance of a wealthy emancipist, who had for a long time been endeavouring in vain to induce a respectable draper to lend him his countenance, by taking a seat in his barouche; despairing at last of being able to scrape an acquaintance with him, he turned his attention to a person in the same trade, but in more humble circumstances, over the way. He finally succeeded in corrupting his virtue, and in enrolling one free settler on the list of his acquaintances, by the lavish expenditure of himself and his emancipist friends."

We seem now to have done enough to exemplify this work; but there is so murderous a tragedy told that we cannot withhold it from readers who like to sup full of horrors:—

"The most atrocious, or incorrigible convicts, are confined to a distant settlement by themselves, where they are employed in chain-gangs by day, and as soon as their hours of labour are over, are transferred to a sort of land-hulk, where they are confined by night. So intolerable does this sort of life become to them, that they have been frequently known to have murdered their contiguous convicts, from no other motive than that of ending their sufferings on the scaffold; and you will, therefore, not be surprised to learn that they still more frequently make the most dangerous attempts at escape. In this, though extremely difficult, three convicts had lately succeeded; and also in making their way to the far Bush, by traversing which they hoped to find their way to some point on the coast, where a vessel might possibly pick them up, and carry them either to India or Europe.

"On their route to the Bush they had each contrived to furnish themselves, feloniously, with a hatchet, but with nothing more. For the first three days they struggled onwards without either food or drink; and on the fourth, famine and despair could be read by each in the glaring eyes of his companions. Simultaneously a horrid thought struck them all—namely, that one must fall to satisfy the furious cravings of the survivors; and then, also, simultaneously, each was seized with the horrid fear that he was marked out as the victim by the other two. All day long they walked abreast, neither of them daring to leave his companions in his rear, and each manœuvring, by side-way movements, so as not to be the centre of the line, lest he should be cut off from flight, both to the left and right. Night came, but they dared not sleep; and in the morning they moved on in silent but terrible agitation as before. At last, one of them made a sudden leap, and with the blow of his hatchet brought down the man upon his left.

"I cannot go through the details of the worse than Cannibal-feast which succeeded. The survivors fed their full, and resumed their journey; but, though their appetites were for awhile appeased, they made no approach to companionship. They felt that *they were only two*; and that, when the dire necessity recurred, there was no alternative for them but to murder, or be murdered, to satisfy it. Neither of them dared to remain within arm's length of his fellow traveller, lest he should be unawares attacked; and yet, neither of them was willing to allow the other to get at a distance from him, lest his prey should escape. At last after two wearisome days and sleepless nights, one of them sank to the earth from utter exhaustion; the last man sprang upon his prostrate body, but when he had butchered it, he was seized with an unaccountable loathing for the feast he had so long been craving for, and fled in horror from the corpse. He was now alone! No, not alone; for his sick

and fevered brain conjured up his slaughtered companions, who seemed on either side to accompany him, and with fixed and glaring eyes to be watching for an opportunity to inflict the same fate upon him as they had suffered themselves. How long he wandered under this maddening hallucination is not known. He was found by some stockmen on the borders of a forest in a senseless state; and to them, when he was restored to consciousness, he confessed all that he had done and undergone, and implored them to deliver him up, that he might terminate his miserable existence as soon as possible by the gallows. His wish was, of course, complied with; and, at the time that we were assembled under our hospitable friend's roof he was awaiting the execution of his sentence."

SCHLEGEL.

Schlegel's Aesthetic and Miscellaneous Works.
Translated from the German by E. J. Millington.
Bohn.

This volume—one of the latest issues of Mr. Bohn's *Standard Library*—must prove a welcome guest at the table of every student of art and literature. Its contents, though multifarious, are blended into harmony by the unifying influence of the author's philosophic theories; and while the fervid yet simple enthusiasm of its tone, and the absence of anything like formal exposition, are likely to engage the attention of the general reader, it is perhaps better fitted than even his more systematic works to display the full scope and bearing of his peculiar "aesthetic" and artistic views.

The volume opens with a series of beautiful letters on the different schools and epochs of Christian art. During the sway of Napoleon, as is well known, the pictorial treasures of a great part of Europe were concentrated in Paris; and Schlegel, when on a visit thither, availed himself of this golden opportunity to give an account of the various masterpieces of modern art contained in all the public and private collections that were accessible; interweaving therewith general views on the nature, objects, and limits of Christian art, and unfolding its profound and expressive symbolism in all its grandeur and sublimity. To give an analysis of these letters would lead us into details far beyond the limits of the *Literary Gazette*; suffice it to say that, apart from the loftier objects which the author had in view in composing them, his friends and followers will find here at once a comprehensive handbook to the chief masterpieces of art scattered over the Continent, and a trustworthy guide by which to form their judgment and cultivate their taste. These letters are followed by others equally admirable on Gothic Architecture, in which the characteristic qualities of the different epochs in the civil and ecclesiastical architecture of the middle ages are set forth with great powers of fancy and nice discrimination.

To these appropriately succeed several treatises on Mediæval Literature, including critiques on Boccaccio, Shakespeare, Camoens, the *Nibelungen-Lied*, and various other standard works, for an account of which our readers must refer to the volume itself. Most of Schlegel's opinions upon these subjects have been long familiar to the English public through Mr. Lockhart's masterly translation of his *Lectures on the Literature of Europe*; not so, however, his treatise *On the Limits of the Beautiful*, which is included in the present volume, and which, as is truly observed by the translator, few will read without feeling that a new sense of beauty has dawned upon their hearts, and that their minds have been awakened to higher and more glorious ideas of art than they ever entertained before. The volume concludes with the far-famed treatise on *Language and Philosophy of the Indians*, a work which, it may be freely admitted, called into life the enthusiasm with which the study of the Oriental languages and literature has since been prosecuted both in France and Germany; and the results of which, even in England, are to be witnessed in the foundation of the Royal Asiatic Society, and the Boden Professorship at Oxford.

In conclusion, we must state that the translator's duty has been well discharged. Unlike many translations that come before us, this neither savours of slip-slop, nor smells of the dictionary. The translator, as should always be the case, seems to be largely imbued with the spirit of the author. Faults, no doubt, are here and there perceptible; but she has fully preserved the fervour and genial freshness of the original, and has shown a mastery over her subject which would do no discredit to Mrs. Austin or Mrs. Sabine, her fair fellow or rather sister-labourers in the same field of literature.

NOVELTIES FROM PASCAL.

The Miscellaneous Writings of Pascal. From the new French Edition of M. P. Faugère. With Introduction and Notes by G. Pearce, Esq. Longmans.

COULD we have more of Solomon, or old Montaigne, or Bacon, how rejoiced we should be; and it is hardly with a less cordial welcome that we greet a publication which presents us with so much that is new, in addition to the revival of much of acknowledged excellence, in the writings of Pascal. It is a book of wisdom and morality and intellectual cultivation. 1, Letters; 2, Science; 3, Human Passion; 4, 5, Mental Training; 6, Happy Thoughts; 7, Conversations on many interesting topics; and 8, 9, 10, Religious subjects. Such are the varied contents of this most pleasing and instructive volume, than which one more profitable for family or social or individual reading could scarcely be taken up for week-day or Sabbath.

Another great merit is, that the original text of Pascal has been restored from the corruptions which have defaced preceding editions during two centuries; and the author himself fairly vindicated from the opinions of Victor Cousin. M. Faugère has, indeed, done justice to his work, and more need not be said of it.

"It is proper," observes the introduction, "to state, that the zealous editor received much valuable countenance and aid, in his investigation of these various manuscripts, from the then accomplished Minister of Public Instruction in France, M. Villemain. Independently of the sympathy, which, as a man of high literary attainments, he could not but feel in such an undertaking, he had been himself a fellow-labourer in the illustration of Pascal's genius, and the editing of his great work, the 'Provincial Letters'; and M. Faugère bears a warm testimony to the courteous attention and important assistance he thus derived from the Minister.

"But the crowning success which awaited his labours, was the discovery of a large and valuable portion of original manuscripts in the possession of a contemporary, to whom they had been transmitted in a direct line from the relatives of Pascal himself. It is due to M. Faugère to give—but with some abbreviation—his own account of the happy accident which made this large addition to his valued stores.

"I had been informed," he says, "that there was living, at Clermont, (the place of residence of the Pascal family,) a Justice, or President, of advanced age, M. Bellaigue de Rabanasse, who, it was reported, had in his possession certain documents relating to Pascal; but that he had always refused to show them even to his most intimate friends; and no one had ever been allowed a sight of them. I determined, in consequence of this information, to repair to Clermont. M. Bellaigue resided in a secluded village at the foot of the mountains. His age exceeded eighty. He received me at first with reserve; but his confidence increased as our conversation proceeded; and it became complete, when he found that I had written '*Gerson*.' We soon found we were acquainted, although we had never met before; for we were united in sympathy and admiration of that eminent and holy man. '*Gerson*' was indeed my introduction . . .

. . . ; and when I further spoke of Pascal, and of the monument that I was engaged in erecting to his memory, he at once, and with eagerness, placed at my disposal the precious manuscripts which he had

faithfully preserved during a period of above sixty years."

"Of the manner," adds the translator, "in which M. Fangère has improved the ample materials thus placed at his command, it may be sufficient to state (and again in his own expressions) that he has examined every extant manuscript, page after page, line after line, syllable after syllable, from beginning to end, rigidly comparing every part with the various successive publications of these writings. The result is, that he has succeeded in effecting an entire restoration of the original text; supplying all that had been omitted, and excising every interpolation. But he has accomplished another object scarcely less valuable than this, namely, the making a clear and systematic arrangement of the chaotic mass of fragments of which these works consist, upon a plan which has been hitherto wholly unattempted."

Having thus briefly stated what this volume is, we shall not think of entering upon any criticism upon or extracts from the larger subjects; but trust to afford our readers a sufficient inducement to take Pascal to their hearths and meditations, by copying only a few of the aphorisms and sayings with which he enriches the realm of thought:—

"Some authors, speaking of their works, say 'my book, my commentary, my history,' &c. They are like ill bred persons who have just got a house of their own, and are always talking of 'my house.' They would do better to say 'our book, our commentary, our history,' &c.; for there is usually more that belongs to others in them than to themselves."

"When passion urges to an action, we are forgetful of duty. Our inclinations lead us, for instance, to read a certain book, and we read it, when we ought to be otherwise employed. Now, to correct this, we should purpose to ourselves to do something we dislike; and then we shall excuse ourselves, on the ground that we have something else to do; by this means we shall recall ourselves to our duty."

"Man is necessarily so much of a fool, that it would be a species of folly not to be a fool."

"See the vanity of the art of painting! To challenge admiration, by fidelity of resemblance to things for whose originals we have none."

"Whoever would fully learn the vanity of man, has but to consider the causes and the consequences of love. The cause is, perhaps, some indescribable trifle, 'un je ne sais quoi,' (Corneille,) and the consequences are tremendous. This trifle, this thing so insignificant that we cannot define it, moves the earth, its potentates, its armies, the whole universe!"

"Had Cleopatra's nose been a little shorter, the whole face of the world might have been changed."

"Never are evil deeds so thoroughly and heartily committed as when conscience assents."

"I hold it to be a fact, that if all persons knew what they said of each other, there would not be four friends left in the world. This is manifest from the disputes to which indiscreet reports, passing from one to another, often give rise."

"By chance, thoughts are produced; by chance, they are lost; there is no method for preserving or acquiring them. (Erased.)"

"A thought has lapsed; I wished to transcribe it. Instead of doing so, all I can write is, that it has lapsed. (Erased.)"

"In the act of writing down a thought, it sometimes escapes me; but this only reminds me of my weakness, which I am prone hourly to forget. This is as instructive to me as the recovery of my thought would be; for I ever desire to know my own nothingness."

"By nature all men hate each other. Their natural inclinations have been made, as far as possible, to subserve the general good; but this is only a feint, and a false show of charity. At bottom it is hatred still."

The following ought to be adopted by the Peace Society:—

* This passage, which is highly characteristic of Pascal, is not found either in the MS. or the copies, or any other MSS. that have been consulted. It was published first by Bossut, but without stating where it had been found.

"When it is debated whether we ought to make war, and destroy such a number of men,—thus condemning so many Spaniards to death,—it is one individual only that constitutes himself judge, and he an interested one: there ought to be a third, and a disinterested party."

The copious and valuable fruits of much more learning will be found in every page.

SUMMARY.

Sir Eridoc: An Old Breton Legend. From the German of the Baron de la Motte Fouqué. Mozleys; Masters.

We cannot say that we like this tale so well as others from the same hand. The human action of the Bigamous hero consorts uncongenially and unpleasantly with the noble sentiments of chivalry, and still more so with the perpetual references to religion and the Deity. There are, however, many eloquent passages and brilliant descriptions, worthy of the heights of Romance; and the marvellous, waiting upon the adventurous to point the dénouement, is quite in the spirit of ancient legendary lore.

Dr. Kitto's Cyclopædia of Biblical Literature. Parts III. and IV. Edinburgh: Blacks. London: Longmans; Simpkin, Marshall, and Co.; Whittaker and Co.; Hamilton, Adams, and Co. Dublin: Robertson.

We notice with great satisfaction the continuation of this able abridgment, of the value of which we have spoken in several *Gazettes*. These Parts carry on the work from the word "Bozrah," referred to by Lord Lindsay, to the word "Festivals," which introduces an account of those of the Hebrew people. Useful maps and abundant woodcuts, as usual, accompany and illustrate the text.

History of Mary Queen of Scots. By Jacob Abbott. Low.

WITH some nice engravings, representing Scotland three hundred years ago, and the principal scenes in the sorrowful life of Mary, this is an interesting volume for youthful readers. No discussions, either political or moral, of a nature unsuited to their age, are admitted, and there is simply the tale of royal sufferings to occupy the mind with pictures of stern and unstable times. We do not know if we shall ever succeed in getting authors to learn the difference between the verbs to lie and to lay, but it shall not be for want of telling (especially writers who aim at teaching the young) that to say, as here, p. 107, "She laid down (instead of she lay down) upon her bed," is not grammar.

Twelve Essays. By R. W. Emerson. Slater. REFERRING to the double notice of the author among our "Statistics of Poetry," we have briefly to extract one passage, and leave the application to our readers. The essay on Love commences thus:—

"Every soul is a celestial Venus to every other soul. The heart has its sabbaths and jubilees, in which the world appears as a hymeneal feast, and all natural sounds and the circle of the seasons are erotic odes and dances. Love is omnipresent in nature as motive and reward. Love is our highest word, and the synonym of God. Every promise of the soul has innumerable fulfillments: each of its joys ripens into a new want. Nature uncontaminable, flowing, forelooking, in the first sentiment of kindness anticipates already a benevolence which shall lose all particular regards in its general light. The introduction to this felicity is in a private and tender relation of one to one, which is the enchantment of human life; which, like a certain divine rage and enthusiasm, seizes on man at one period, and works a revolution in his mind and body, unites him to his race, pledges him to the domestic and civic relations, carries him with new sympathy into nature, enhances the power of the senses, opens the imagination, adds to his character heroic and sacred attributes, establishes marriage, and gives permanence to human society."

* "It was then a matter of much public comment how lightly a war against Spain had been decided in council."

Letters to a Man of the World, &c. By J. E. Le Boys des Guays. A New Edition, &c. Hodson.

THE Editor of the *New Jerusalem* wrote this enthusiastic exposition of the philosophical and theological doctrines of Swedenborg in French, and it has been translated into English by J. Murdock, and edited by G. Bush, late Hebrew Professor at New York City University. It is, therefore, the work of many heads and hands; and those who are "disposed to believe" in the mystical visions and opinions of Swedenborg will find it, we should think, the best publication towards that end. It is difficult to understand, very fantastical, very metaphysical, and very high-sounding in religious phraseology, and, therefore, the sort of book to attract adherents. The Swedenborgians are, we are told, a rather numerous sect, both in Europe and America.

Frank Forrester and his Friends. By H. W. Herbert. 3 vols. Bentley.

THIS novel belongs to a sort of new custom which is springing up in publication—namely, that which in the first instance gives you the information of sportsman, tourist, or traveller, in either capacity, and then works the ingredients into the form of a story for another class of readers. Mr. Herbert's *Wild Sports in the United States* have served him largely in this stead; and his graphic accounts of American sporting of every kind, including the habits, &c., of the people with whom he mixed, being incorporated with a love story of unhappy fortunes, may add the class of circulating library devourers to the class of "gunners," as our transatlantic friends call their sportsmen.

Adventures of the First Settlers on the Oregon or Columbia River. By Alexander Ross, one of the Adventurers. Smith, Elder, and Co.

THERE was an ancient sage philosopher who had read Alexander Ross over,—and so have we! His narrative is a stirring account of the expedition fitted out by Jacob Astor to establish the Pacific Fur Company; and a pretty specimen it is of the quarrels, cruelties, sufferings, murders, and horrors which occur to such undertakings. The settlers and the Indians figure as equal barbarians, and though the circumstances have been since so modified as to take much from the commercial and political interest of the tale, it may, even after Washington Irving's Astoria, be read for its own strange incidents,—truth beating fiction,—and for its indicating from what Oregon was, what California must be.

Substance of the Speech of Henry Drummond, Esq., M.P., on the Transfer of Real Property Bill. Bosworth.

We incidentally referred to this caustic and convincing speech in our review of *Hortensius* (No. 1676, March 3), and are glad to see it in a distinct form, separated from the usual parliamentary mass of verbiage and mediocrity. Both the subject and the treatment of it merit this segregation. The humorous remarks of the honourable member frequently catch the tone of a Canning, and illustrate and strengthen the argument with which they seem to play.

PHILOLOGY.

(Concluded from our last, page 202.)

WE finished our last quotation with Mr. Crossley's ideas respecting the words "crocodile" and "Nile." On the former, Sir William Betham remarked, that he only differed from the author in his explanation of the *cu*, which means a *hound* or *dog*, which would make the definition to be, the *hard dog of the flood*. In the name Nile he also considered Mr. Crossley to be correct. But how, may be asked, came the Nile to have been named by people speaking the Celtic tongue? as it must have been, if its name be significant in Celtic. This is a question which requires an answer, and is involved in difficulty. Let us inquire if we can supply one.

The Celts, have been asserted to have been a large colony of Phœnicians, the great navigators of antiquity; and Tacitus favours this notion, by asserting that western maritime Europe was peopled from the East *by ships*. The Phœnicians were the *only navigators* of remote antiquity, consequently, they

alone could have done what Tacitus says was accomplished. Herodotus tells us, also, the Phœnicians, before they built Tyre, and the other cities of Phœnicia, were a great navigating, commercial people in the Erythrean sea and the Persian Gulf, and were called *Omevite*; and Strabo says, the islands of *Tyros* and *Aradus*, (now the *Bahrain Islands*, in the Persian Gulf,) were covered with the Phœnician buildings; and the inhabitants claimed to be the mother country of the *Tyros* and *Aradus* of the Tyrian coast. It is generally admitted that civilization descended the Nile: the *Omevite* penetrated into Nubia, and descended the Nile, and thus discovered the Mediterranean; and having found the shallow coast of Egypt unsuited for their ships and commerce, settled on the more eligible coast of Phœnicia, from whence they discovered the remotest portions of the Mediterranean to the Straits, which they called after *Hercules*—the allegorical personification of their maritime greatness—the *Pillars of Hercules*, and in time penetrated into the Atlantic and reached the coasts of Britain and Gaul. It is, therefore, not so wonderful that the Nile and the *Crocodile* should bear names significant in the Celtic, or that the names of the prominent geography of the Mediterranean should be equally significant.

Nimbus—the glory surrounding the heads of divine personages in pictures. The word is derived from the Celtic *Neam* or *Níme*, heavenly, and *boi*, fire—pronounced *Nim-boh*.

Aroint—

"Aroint thee, witch! the rump-fed ronyon cried!"
Macbeth, Act. I.—Scene 3.

Aroint is a compound Celtic word, *Ar*-*iont*—go back, begone! scorn thee! from *iont*-*ar*, to drive off, to keep away—

"—the rump-fed ronyon—"

"ronyon" is also derived from the Celtic word *ruayab*—strong, able-bodied; and the name "rump-fed ronyon"—well-fed, strong-bodied, able woman—was used by the witch to describe the appearance of the sailor's wife in opposition to her own condition, which one can imagine to have been that of an ill-fed, poor, weak old woman.

Runnet—the stomach of a calf, used by makers of cheese to separate the curds from the whey. It is derived from the Celtic, *Ruinn*, *Ruinn*—i. e., a division.

Drede—

"And truth shall thee deliver, 'tis no drede."
Good Counsel of Chancer.

'Tis no drede is usually rendered, "without doubt;" but the following meaning is more significant. In the Celtic, *deirid* and *deirid* mean a mystery; thus, what the poet said is this—"If you live in soothfastness, truth shall deliver you. My advice is easily understood, it is no mystery or druidical saying"—from *deirid*, a druid.

Greyhound.—This word is derived from the Celtic, *Seirid*—pronounced grey, a hare, and *cu*, a dog, or the Saxon *hund*, a dog. In Scotland and the north of Ireland this dog is called a grey, which comes very near the pronunciation of the Irish *Seirid*.

Scylla and Charybdis—*Σκύλλα, χαρυβδεις*, Greek. Both these words are Celtic, and are expressive enough. *Scylla* is derived from *Sjille* or *Scille*, fright, consternation, and *Charybdis*, from *Carb*, a ship, and *dis*, bad, destructive—*Carbdis*, destruction of ships.

Hogmanay—

"Hogmanay troll, lol, lar,
Give us your white bread,
And none of your gray."

The word *Hogmanay* is part of a sentence in Irish, *Is an t-uisge na n-uisge*, the day of the monks' gift. The 31st of December was so called, (*Is an t-uisge*) from the custom which the monks had of giving bread to the poor from the funds collected from sailors, for prayers to be said for their safety.

Nomad—*nomadic*—usually taken to mean a wanderer, wandering. The correct meaning is to be found in the Celtic: thus, *Nae*, *noy-nay* Noe, all mean a man, and *ma*, a plain—i. e., a man of the plains, *noe-ma*.

Cimmerian.—This word is used to distinguish another class of people from the Nomadic races; the word is Celtic, *Cumari*—i. e., hills, people living in a hilly country. Thus, we have the word in Cumberland, and the Welsh call themselves *Cymarog*; but they do not know the meaning of the name, and this is one evidence of an older and better dialect of the Celtic than the Welsh tongue* having obtained in England at one time. Note.—The word *Allo-bro*, *Allobrogi*, is precisely the same as *Cumari*, and is derived from *Al*, a rock, or rocky, and *bro*, a habitation.

Apollo.—A name of the sun. The derivation of this word is not generally known—it is derived from the Celtic *Ab*, a lord, and *lo*, the day, or light—*Ab-lo*, or from *Ab-ol-lo*, the great lord of light. This latter derivation comes nearer to the pronunciation of the word *Apollo*.

Guess.—This word is supposed by some people to be an Americanism, but it is Celtic—*geat*, conjecture; *geat* *broia* *broia*, a kind of Druidish sorcery; *geat*, a wizard; *geat*, to divine.

Loc.—derived from the Celtic *loc*, a stop, a hindrance.

Angel.—This word is usually supposed to be derived from the Greek word *ἀγγελος*, nuncio. It appears to me not to be the right derivation; for the Celtic *Ang*-*ion*, an angel, means *Ang*, delight, joy, pleasure, music, harmony, praise, adoration; and *ion*, or properly, *geat*, bright, white, fair; then the word *Ang-geat* would mean the bright spirit of praise, adoration, &c.; and if the Greek word were rectified thus, *Ang-kalos*—*ang*, praise, delight, &c., and *kalos*, fair, pure, &c.—we should have a much finer derivation of the word than *ἀγγελος*.

Upon some of these words, Sir William Betham continued his observations:—

Scylla and Charybdis.—He thought Mr. Crossley had not been as happy as on other points. There are many *Syllas* in the British islands and coasts. The *Scilly Islands*, *Skelligs*, in various parts of the coast of Ireland. *Sgail* is separated *LIAG* rock, a perpendicular rock or stone, or rocky island. *Charybdis* means literally a dangerous whirlpool, *Car*, turn; *Reu*, tearing or violent; *Tias*, of currents or tides. He could not accord in Mr. Crossley's interpretation of *Cimmerian*. He did not consider that derived from the Celtic. The *Cimbri* and *Teutones*, conquered by *Marius*, were the same people, the first was the name they, like the Welsh, called themselves; the latter, *Teutones*, what they were called by the Gauls. *Teut*, north; *Dacines*, people—the people of the north; which exactly describes their character.

Apollo.—In this name also Sir William differed slightly from Mr. Crossley. In the Etruscan inscriptions on their mirrors the name was written variously *Ab lu*, *Abulu*, *Apollini*. *Lu* or *lo* is water, not day. *Lu*, is day. So *Ap* or *Ab lo* was *Lord of the waters*—*Apollu*, the mighty Lord of the waters. *Apollini*, which is fixed over the head of an Etruscan figure of *Apollo*, figured by Montfaucon, i. 106, has a star over his head, means, *Lord of the science of the sea*. *Apollo* is said to have the heavenly bodies dancing round him; which, as the sun, could scarcely be said, but, as the north star, the whole apparently perform their revolutions daily round him; and he is the Lord of the waters, for by him the seamen steered their course.

To the names mentioned by Mr. Crossley, may be added *Aurora*, the golden hour, or sunrise; *Athena*, the Greek name of *Minerva*, which is from *Tina*, *Tinia*, or *Thina*, the Etruscan name of *Jupiter*. On an Etruscan mirror the birth of *Minerva* is represented coming fully armed from the head of *Tina*,—a from *Thina*, from which the name *Athena*. The whole of the myths of the Greeks were equally significant.†

* Welsh is not Celtic.—Ed. L. G.

† Mid-nuddle is stated to be the origin of Meath, the middle county of Ireland. Derrie, a Place of Oaks, is (if we remember rightly) attributed to a Scythian, not a Celtic, etymology; and our own capital has half a dozen hypotheses for its name, such as "Long," "ship," and "dinas," (British), "din," (Irish), "dunum," (Roman), "fortress." The Celtic has *Lonn-din*, "strong fortress," and *town* is derivable from all these terminations.—Ed. L. G.

HIGHLAND SPORTING.

A Tour in Sutherlandshire, &c.

[Fourth Notice—Conclusion.]

"Most of the hill-bred hawks, such as hen-harriers, merlins, peregrines, &c., come down now to hunt the fields, which are clear of corn, and also to feed on the plovers, &c., which frequent the shore. I sometimes see the peregrine in pursuit of wild ducks; and one day I observed a hawk of this kind give chase to an old mallard. The pursuit was rather curious, reversing the usual order of things, as the falcon's great object was to keep below the mallard instead of above him; the latter endeavouring all he could to get to the water, in which case he knew, as the hawk did also, that his chance of escape would be the greatest. Once in the water, his own element, by diving and swimming he would soon have baffled his pursuer. I don't know what was the end of the chase; the last I saw of them they were winging their rapid flight straight across the sea for the opposite coast of Ross-shire. Either the hawk was not willing to strike his prey while over the water, or the mallard had a vigour of wing which enabled him to keep ahead of his murderous enemy."

"The peewits do not leave us till quite the end of October, and during most of the month are in immense numbers on the sands near the mouth of the river. In the dusk of the evening they as well as the golden plover leave the sands, and take to the fields in search of worms and snails, generally frequenting the ploughed land or the grass-fields. As I pass along the shore of the bay, large flocks of widgeon fly to and fro as the ebb-tide leaves uncovered the small grassy island and banks. Unlike the mallard and teal, both which are night-feeding birds, the widgeon feeds at any hour of the day or night indiscriminately, not waiting for the dusk to commence their search for food, but grazing like geese on the grass whenever they can get at it. Although towards the end of winter the shyest of all waterfowl, the widgeon at this season, owing to their not having been persecuted and fired at, may be easily approached, and with a little care may be closely watched as they swim to and fro from bank to bank; sometimes landing, and at other times cropping the grass as they swim along the edge. If a pair of mallards is amongst the flock, the drake's green head is soon seen to rise up above the rest, as his watchfulness is seldom long deceived; with low quacking he warns his mate, and the two then rise, giving an alarm to the widgeon. The latter, after one or two rapid wheels in the air, return to their feeding-ground, but the mallards fly off to a considerable distance before they stop."

"As for curlews, peewits, sand-pipers, et id genus omne, their numbers in the bay are countless. Regularly as the tide begins to ebb do thousands of these birds leave the higher banks of sand and shingle on which they have been resting, and betake themselves to the wet sands in search of their food; and immense must be the supply which every tide throws up, or leaves exposed, to afford provision to them all. Small shell-fish, shrimps, sea-worms, and other insects form this wondrous abundance. Every bird too out of those countless flocks is not only in good order, but is covered with fat, showing how well the supply is proportioned to the demand: indeed, in the case of all wild birds it is observable that they are invariably plump and well-conditioned, unless prevented by some wound or injury from foraging for themselves."

"On the mussel scaps are immense flocks of oyster-catchers, brilliant with their black and white plumage, and bright red bill, and a truly formidable weapon must that bill be to mussel or cockle; it is long and powerful, with a sharp point as hard as ivory, which driven in by the full strength of the bird's head and neck, must penetrate like a wedge into the shell of the strongest shell-fish found on these shores."

"Ugly and misshapen as a seal appears on land, he is when in the water by no means an unsightly-looking animal; and he floats and dives with a quiet

rapidity which appears marvellous to the looker-on. You see a seal's head appear above the water; and you sit down half-concealed with ready rifle to wait his reappearance. In a minute or two you are suddenly startled by its rising quietly in quite a different direction; and after gazing intently at you for a few moments with its dark, mild-looking eyes, the sleek, shining head disappears again below the surface without making a ripple on the water, just as you have screwed yourself round, and are about to touch the trigger of your rifle, leaving you almost in doubt as to whether it is a seal or a mermaid. The Highlanders, however, are by no means prepossessed in favour of the good looks of a seal, or 'sealgh,' as they pronounce the word. 'You are nothing but a sealgh' is a term of reproach which, when given by one fish-woman to another, is considered the direct insult, and a climax to every known term of abuse.

"The blackcocks, like other birds, are very fond of catching the latest evening rays of a winter's sun, and are always to be found in the afternoon on banks facing the west, or swinging, if there is no wind, on the topmost branch of the small fir trees. On the mountains, too, all birds, as the sun gets low, take to the slopes which face the west; whilst in the morning they betake themselves to the eastern banks and slopes to meet his rays. No bird or animal is to be found in the shade during the winter, unless it has flown there for shelter from some imminent danger.

"This is very remarkable in the case of the golden plovers, who in the evening ascend from slope to slope as each becomes shaded by intervening heights, until they all are collected on the very last ridge which the sun shines upon. When this is no longer illuminated, and the sun is quite below the horizon, they betake themselves to their feeding places near the seashore or elsewhere. Goats have the same habit.

"Although so much protected, and in fact enjoying an almost entire immunity from all human persecutors, the robins do not appear to increase in numbers; this is, in all probability, occasioned by the bird generally breeding on the ground, and being thereby exposed to the attacks of weasels, rats, &c. Were it not for this, the almost sacred character the robin has always held amongst bird-nesting school-boys and juvenile sportsmen must have caused its numbers to increase; but we still see the same dead branch or the same railing head occupied by a single robin year after year; no rivals spring up to dispute the favourite perch.

"Of all pugnacious birds the robin is the most determined fighter. When snow and frost cover the ground, and we feed the birds at the windows and on the gravel walks, thrushes, blackbirds, sparrows, and many other birds come to share the crumbs, but none dare eat if any robin is there, until the fiery little fellow permits him.

"Many people doubt the fact of the woodcock carrying her young, from the wood to the swamp, in her feet, and certainly the claws of a woodcock appear to be little adapted to grasping and carrying a heavy substance; yet such is most undoubtedly the case. Regularly as the evening comes on, many woodcocks carry their young ones down to the soft feeding-grounds, and bring them back again to the shelter of the woods before daylight, where they remain during the whole day. I myself have never happened to see the woodcocks in the act of returning, but I have often seen them going down to the swamps in the evening, carrying their young with them. Indeed it is quite evident that they must in most instances transport the newly-hatched birds in this manner, as their nests are generally placed in dry heathery woods, where the young would inevitably perish unless the old ones managed to carry them to some more favourable feeding-ground. Both young woodcocks and snipes are peculiarly helpless birds, as indeed are all the waders, until their bills have hardened, and they have acquired some strength of wing and leg. Unlike the young of partridges and some other birds who run actively as soon as hatched, and are able to fly well in a very short time, wood-

cocks, snipes, and waders while young are very helpless, moving about with a most uncertain and tottering gait, and unable to take wing until they are full grown. Their growth is, however, extremely rapid.

"When one of the carrion-birds has found a booty, others of the same species who may be wheeling about at a greater distance at once see by his manner of flight and other signs that he has made some discovery, and immediately follow in the same direction, in order that they may come in for their share.

"In like manner, when one wild duck has found out a quantity of corn, laid down in any particular place, he soon brings others to the spot, and these again give information to others, until at length large flocks collect to feed on what was originally discovered by a single bird. I do not mean to infer that they can communicate to each other by any bird-language the existence and locality of the prize found; but they all go to the spot attracted by the manner of flight of the first discoverers, which doubtless tells their companions most plainly that they are winging their way directly towards a depot of food, and not going forth on a vague and uncertain search.

"The clamour and noise of crows when they find a prize tell the tale at once to all within hearing, and not to those of their own kind only, but to all ravens or rooks in the neighbourhood.

"In the same manner birds communicate alarm and warning, not only to those of their own species, but also to others. Often has the cry of a crow, who has suddenly while passing over my head discovered my hiding-place, caused a flock of geese or other wild-fowl to take wing instantaneously, as if they themselves had seen me; and many a shot have I lost by the cries of pewees and other birds.

"In fact there is a language of signs and observation carried on between animals of different kinds, which is as perfectly understood by them as if they could communicate by words."

We are so tempted by these curious and miscellaneous remarks that we can hardly refrain from quoting many more of them, but must resist the temptation, and, as briefly as may be, conclude. The piscatory accounts are as taking as the rest. *Inter alia*, the author says,—

"I would back a 'Salmo ferox' of ten pounds weight to kill more trout in a week than a pike of the same size would do in a month. I never killed a tolerably large trout without finding within him the remains of other trout, sometimes too of a size that must have cost him some trouble to swallow. In fact, I am strongly of opinion that pike deserve encouragement in all large Highland lakes where the trout are numerous and small. There is also no doubt that trout follow up the *lex talionis*, and feed on the young pike as freely as pike feed on young trout."

[We doubt the remedy would be worse than the disease.]

"There is," continues Mr. St. John, "also in many of these lakes plenty of char, a fish of mysterious habits, never or seldom taking the fly or any other bait, but at a certain season (about the middle of October, as far as my experience goes) migrating in great shoals from the deepest recesses of the lake, where they spend the rest of the year, to the shallows near the shore. During this short migration they are caught in nets, and frequently in great numbers.

"But above all rivers," he adds, "'ante omnes,' the Findhorn holds the highest place," and—

"The nesting places of sea-gulls and some other kinds of water-fowl are curious things to see. The constant going to and fro, the screaming, and wheeling about of the old birds and the apparent confusion are perfectly wonderful. The confusion is, however, only apparent. Each guillemot and each razor-bill amongst the countless thousands flies straight to her own single egg, regardless of the crowds of other birds, and undecieved by the myriads of eggs which surround her. So, also, in the breeding places of the black-headed and other gulls, every bird watches over and cares for her own nest—though the numbers

are so great, and the tumult so excessive, that it is difficult to conceive how each gull can distinguish her own spotted eggs, placed in the midst of so many others, exactly similar in size, shape, and colour; and when at length the young are hatched and are swimming about on the loch, or crowded together on some grassy point, the old birds, as they come home from a distance with food, fly rapidly amidst thousands of young ones, exactly similar to their own, without even looking at them, until they find their own offspring, who, recognising their parents amongst all the other birds, receive the morsel, without any of the other hungry little creatures around attempting to dispute the prize, each waiting patiently for its own parent, in perfect confidence that its turn will come in due season."

The following is important in an economical point of view:—

"Trawling for flat fish has not yet been tried to any extent, but I have no doubt that it would be a most profitable and useful speculation. At present we get no soles, but occasionally some turbot are caught: for these, however, the demand is confined to a few of the neighbouring gentry; and consequently this kind of fishing is not much practised. A boat's crew does occasionally go out to fish for turbot, using a very simple and small kind of hang-net, and generally brings home a good supply.

"Looking at the state of British sea-fisheries in general, it appears to me undeniable that the advantage derived from this great and inexhaustible source of wealth is as nothing compared to what it might and ought to be. It is true that of late years some enterprising individuals have done, and are doing, a great deal towards improving this branch of commerce; and the speculations recently entered into for the more regular and more abundant supply of the southern markets will doubtless lead to more extensive competition and to improved methods of fishing; but Government might, I conceive, greatly promote this important branch of national industry by regulating the size and construction of the boats, which are often most miserably inefficient, encouraging the fishermen in every possible manner, affording them the protection and assistance of large vessels and steamers at different points, during the busiest times of the fishing season, expending sums of money in tackle, boats, &c., to be repaid or partly repaid by the fishermen, and also by having surveys made and soundings taken off many parts of the coast, in order to find out the banks and feeding places of the cod and other large fish. The Dogger Bank and all the principal fishing grounds have been discovered by chance; and it cannot be doubted that were a careful survey made, many other equally prolific localities would be found.

"Strange as it may appear, mergansers, goosanders, and all the fish-eating and rank-tasted birds, even including cormorants and sea-gulls, find consumers among the inhabitants of large towns, who are exceedingly omnivorous, and by no means over-fastidious in their tastes; and so wide is the range of ornithological traffic in which the poulterers engage, that the bird-stuffer and the collector of specimens cannot do better than make friends with them.

"But beyond all other places, Leadenhall Market is the emporium to which the purchaser of rare birds and animals, living or dead, should betake himself. There is scarcely a quadruped, from a brown bear to a white mouse, or a bird, from a golden eagle to a long-tailed tom-tit, which cannot be found there; and not a few of the dealers in these articles are themselves curious specimens of the genus homo, accustomed to deal with every description of customer, from the nobleman who wishes to add to his menagerie, or to the feathered tenants of his lake, to the organ boy who wants to purchase a dormouse or monkey. They are as shrewd as Scotchmen, and as keen bargainers as a Yorkshire horse-dealer: but although somewhat over-suspicious in making their purchases, and sadly deficient in elegance of manner and language, they are on the whole by no means bad fellows to deal with, if care be taken not to 'rub them against the rain.' Singing-birds, hawks, cats with brass collars

and chains, ready got up for tabby-loving spinsters, Blenheim spaniels and wicked-looking bulldogs, pigeons, bantams, gold fish, in short every kind of bird or beast that was ever yet made a pet of is here to be bought, sold, and exchanged, and frequently the collector may obtain very rare and valuable specimens. Holland and Belgium supply great quantities of wild-fowl, canaries, carrier pigeons, &c.; and on a busy day the traffic in this division of Leadenhall Market is a most amusing sight.

"One thing which especially surprises the visitor to this market is the total defiance of the game laws which all the dealers indulge in. There is scarcely a description of game which cannot be bought here at any season, legal or illegal; and it is difficult to understand how game laws and their penalties can be so openly and systematically infringed. Pheasants and pheasants' eggs, grouse and grouse eggs, &c. &c., are undisguisedly and unblushingly sold at all seasons, in defiance of informers and magistrates. On asking how it happens that the dealers can supply game of all sorts at all seasons, you are gravely told 'that it is all foreign game.' Scotch grouse are called Norwegian grouse, and good English partridges and other game are labelled by being called Dutchmen or Frenchmen."

With a human mixture of the same kind we must finish. When the fishermen on the eastern coast have prepared to go out to the herring fishing in July—"They have been for some weeks employed in preparing their boats, overhauling their tackle, and engaging extra hands, generally Highlanders, who come down to the coast at this season in order to hire themselves to the owners of the boats for the six or eight weeks during which they are out at sea. These men earn during the season from three to six pounds, a perfect godsend to the poor fellows, whose eyes are seldom gladdened by the sight of hard money during the rest of the year. Just before the time when the herring boats go out, the roads are dotted with little groups of Highlanders, each man having a small parcel of necessities tied up in a handkerchief and carried on a stick over his shoulder. They are sadly footsore and wayworn by the time they have traversed the island from the west coast. Being little accustomed for the most part to walking anywhere but on springy heather and turf, the hard roads try them severely. Most of them are undersized and bad specimens of the Celtic race. Very little English is spoken amongst them, as not one in ten understands a word of anything but Gaelic. When they have occasion to go into a road-side shop to purchase anything, or to ask a question, a consultation is first held amongst the party, and then the most learned in Saxon is deputed to act as spokesman, for there is scarcely any Gaelic spoken along the east coasts, the fishermen in particular being almost wholly a foreign race of people, that is, not Highlanders. Some are English settlers, and some are descendants of Danes and other races who have originally been left by chance or choice on this coast. Their names are frequently Danish or Swedish. In fact they are altogether a different people from the Celtic inhabitants of the neighbouring mountains. There is an almost regular line drawn through the country, where the Gaelic language ends and the English commences. The town of Nairn is divided by this line, one half of the inhabitants being talkers of Gaelic, and the other speaking only English. It is said that one of our prime ministers boasted to a foreigner that his master, the King of England, possessed a town so extensive that the inhabitants of one end spoke a different language from those of the other end. Nairn was the town in question; and whatever the merit of the joke may be, it corroborates what I stated."

There are some repetitions in the author, but the length to which we have availed ourselves of his very agreeable narrative shows how congenial it is to our taste; and we also trust that our long review will meet with similar approval, and that none will disparagingly say of either,—

Navita de Ventis, de tauris narrat
Enumerat miles vulnere, pastor oves Arator

ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.

To the Editor of the Literary Gazette.

SIR,—Being one of the many who are much interested in the discoveries which have been made, and, I hope, may be still further pursued in Assyria, I am desirous of inquiring, through the medium of the *Literary Gazette*, whether any attempts have been made, by chemical or other means, to preserve the crumbling and calcined sculptures, which in their present state do not admit of removal. I have myself often preserved crumbling and unbaked clay models, plaster of Paris casts, and chalk cuttings, by saturating them with drying oil; and I cannot but think that the same simple process might be advantageously applied to the sculptures in question immediately on their exposure to the air; and though, of course, the substance would be altered, yet the design might thus be preserved. I am, at all events, desirous of drawing attention to the subject, as probably by this means some better mode may be suggested.—I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

G. M. Z.

March 24th, 1849.

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

CAPTAIN STANLEY'S SURVEYING EXPEDITION.

ADVICES have been received from Captain Owen Stanley, H.M.S. *Rattlesnake*, dated Oct. 27, 1848, Evan's Bay, Cape York, stating that he had completely succeeded in making a detailed trigonometrical survey of the passage between the inner edge of the Barrier reef and the mainland of Australia, from the Gould Islands to the Prince of Wales Islands, upon the scale of half an inch to the mile; the distance from the Gould Islands to the Prince of Wales is about 700 miles in a direct line. In carrying out this survey, the boats and two smaller vessels connected with the expedition traversed nearly twelve thousand miles, and upwards of 25,000 soundings were laid down. During the whole of the operations, no accident fortunately occurred, either to the ships, boats, officers, or men employed, though, at times, exposed to difficulties and dangers, owing to the heavy gales which spring up suddenly in those regions, by which the boats were frequently caught in situations where they had some trouble in gaining shelter. They were also fortunate in not coming into serious collision with the natives, though, on one occasion, at Cape Melville, they were inclined to be troublesome; but the party on shore was sufficiently strong to keep them at a distance, without the necessity of resorting to harsher measures. There is good reason for hoping that this survey will be most useful, particularly when steam navigation is established, as a narrow channel is now sounded between the reefs and the main as minutely as any parts of the coast of England, and steamers will thus merely have to steer from island to island, as they come in sight, with perfectly smooth water and secure anchorage, in the event of very thick weather or dark nights. We also understand that the naturalists and geologists have made considerable collections in their respective branches. On the return of the ship to Sydney, she and the smaller vessels will undergo a refit, preparatory to an expedition to New Guinea, which will occupy the greater part of this season.

THE ARCTIC EXPEDITION.

A PAPER laid before the House of Commons by the Admiralty, states that Sir James C. Ross, having announced his intention to direct the *Investigator* to land all the supplies that she could spare at Whaler Point, and to proceed to England, if no tidings of the expedition under Sir J. Franklin were received by the whale ships now about to sail, leaving the *Enterprise* to prosecute the search alone, their lordships had consequently resolved (on the opinion of parties conversant with the Polar seas, whom they had consulted) to send out a fresh supply of provisions for both ships by the *North Star*, which is now fitting for this purpose at Sheerness, with orders to proceed across Baffin's Bay, and as much farther as practicable in the direction of Lancaster Sound

and Barrow Straits, looking out for the *Investigator*, or her boats.

In the event of the *Investigator* not being fallen in with, the commander of the *North Star* will be directed to land the supplies at such points on the south side of Lancaster Sound, or other places indicated by Sir James Ross, as may be accessible to the *North Star*, in sufficient time to secure his return across Baffin's Bay before the winter sets in.

The expense of fitting the *North Star* for the ice will be 6,086*l.*, and the wages of the crew, stores, and provisions on board 6,002*l.*, making 12,088*l.* in all, which constitute the supplementary estimate now submitted to the House. But, in addition to this, her Majesty's government has determined to offer a reward of 20,000*l.* to be given to such private ship, or distributed amongst such private ships of any country, as may, in the judgment of the Board of Admiralty, have rendered efficient assistance to Sir John Franklin, his ships, or their crews, and may have contributed directly to extricate them from the ice.

It will be remembered that Lady Franklin has also offered liberal rewards for any similar service. But we deem the concern in the most competent and safest hands whilst Sir J. Ross is prosecuting his research; and cannot but consider the Admiralty paper as injudiciously worded in regard to that gallant officer, who has made such sacrifices to be enabled to save his old companions and friends. On the spot, we would deem his opinion to be worth more upon the matter at issue than all that could be collected among the best authorities at home, unacquainted with existing circumstances, and only speaking from a general knowledge.

Baron Brünnow has come generously forward, on the part of the Russian government, to volunteer co-operation on the side of Behring's Straits.

ROYAL INSTITUTION.

March 23rd.—Professor Baden Powell "On the Nebular Theory," which has been viewed with an unusual degree of interest, and given rise to a vehement controversy, ending on the one side with a belief that Lord Rosse's discoveries had knocked the theory on the head. Professor Powell did not intend, he said, to discuss the theory in a controversial spirit, but to examine impartially what its real nature was. It divides itself into two subjects—frequently, however, confounded—the first of which is the simplest—namely, the nebulae of Sir W. Herschel, originally so called by him to express certain appearances in the heavens when observed by telescopes. As an illustration, the milky way was instanced, which by a telescope of moderate powers is resolved into a multitude of stars; and so of other patches in the sky. Some of the telescopic nebulae give way to a small power, others require higher powers; and it is no wonder, therefore, that Lord Rosse's telescope has resolved them. In Lord Rosse's published account of the great powers of his reflector, the nebulae are classified into clusters easily resolvable, and clusters resolved,—but into stars, accompanied with nebulae not resolvable, or with films or wisps of matter exactly alike under all powers. And Lord Rosse gives caution against supposing it likely that all nebulae would be ultimately resolved. Certain nebulae appear to have a tendency to assume a round or an ellipsoidal form, and all those Prof. Powell considered resolvable. But the filmy nebulae, of no particular form, are probably of a distinct nature, and not likely ever to be resolved; and of this latter kind, also, is the nebulosity surrounding stars. The "Dumb-bell" illustrated an instance of a cluster resolved into stars surrounded with nebulae—as first seen by Sir W. Herschel, two masses of nebular matter with a central band. In these Sir J. Herschel had observed four small stars. Lord Rosse had resolved the cluster into numerous stars, surrounded with nebulosity, and still retaining the form similar to a dumb-bell. The general result of this and other cases appeared to be that, to whatever telescopic power nebulae may be submitted, nebulosity exists in different degrees of condensation; and, whenever resolvable, a great

number of stars were brought to view, centres of condensation, or points surrounded with nebulous matter. Professor Powell next discussed the general structure of the heavens, and described Laplace's nebular theory, the second subject alluded to above, and the more proper subject of the lecture. This nebular theory—or, in its wider sense, cosmogony—involves the idea of the origin of our solar system, for instance, from one common cause—namely, contraction from a state of nebulousness—from finely divided matter (fire-mist or star-dust, as it has been called) expanded, kept apart by intense heat, consolidated by degrees, and still contracting, throwing off rings, and then satellites from these rings. In these nebulous masses, it must be remembered that all the physical forces were mixed up; and upon this ground Professor Powell contended against many of the ingenious objections brought against the theory. There was one class of objections most formidable—the dynamical class—those, for instance, based on the law of the conservation of areas. As in the physical class, the numerous agents in operation had not been considered, so in the dynamical class Professor Powell thought a resisting medium had been left out of the question; and this should be taken into consideration before it could be said that the objection was fatal to the theory. The theory itself, however, he said, was not supposed to be a real, demonstrated, philosophical theory, but only a philosophical conjecture, conformable to probability and analogy, and ought to be as such investigated. It has been pronounced adverse to natural theology. Suppose the theory well established, what would it do? What is the study of final causes but an investigation of the steps or processes of the Great Supreme Mind? and in proportion as advance is made in our acquaintance with the operation of physical causes, so do we gain knowledge of the Great Moral Cause—our admiration of the Author of order and harmony increased, and ourselves humbled. On the library table there were several curious and beautiful specimens of De la Rue's application of Sir Isaac Newton's thin plates—carved wood, embossed card, plaster of Paris, paper, &c. (the latter-named cut into the form of birds, beetles, &c.), presenting a metallic appearance, but likewise splendid iridial colours, the green predominant. The varying green shield of the beetle was most natural, and evinced the power of producing any tint or effect required. The material employed for coating the above substances is a colourless varnish, applied by being dropped on water, the specimen to be coated, previously placed in the water, being lifted up against the thin film into which the drop had spread. The colours are due, of course, to the interference of the luminous rays—the light reflected from the upper interfering with the light reflected from the under surface; and upon the extent of the retardation of the luminous waves by such interference, the varieties of colours depend. Mother-of-pearl affects light similarly, and thence its lovely hues. White paper, with Mr. De la Rue's coating of varnish, is artificial mother-of-pearl, and a most beautiful representation of it; but, in truth, all the specimens were of great interest.

ROYAL GEOGRAPHICAL SOCIETY.

March 26th.—Read: 1st, Captain Graves, R.N., "Remarks on Skyros." Thucydides informs us that the first inhabitants of Skyros were Dolopians, who were afterwards expelled by the Athenians; and it is to this early period we must assign the adventures of Achilles and the birth of Neoptolemus. Here Theseus is said to have terminated his existence. Strabo tells us that Skyros was celebrated for its superior breed of goats, as well as its quarries of veined marble, which vied with those of Carystus and Symada. In the geographer's time, it was in great request at Rome. The town of Skyros lies within a few miles of the north-eastern extreme of the island. The plain to the north-west is grown with corn, vines, and figs, and is well watered. On the summit of the high rock which crowns the town are the ruins of the castle or acro-

polis of the ancient city of Skyros, justly described by Homer as the lofty Skyros. The present town comprises the most miserable collection of habitations possible; but the Venetian lion inserted in the marble of the walls give evidence of the former glory of that energetic republic. The walls, already crumbling into decay by age, have been still more injured by the earthquake of 1840, by which several houses built near the precipitous cliff were hurled down the sides of the hill, thus for a time totally obstructing the path to the summit. The lower town is gradually upon the increase, and already contains the greater portion of the population of the island. The houses, as usual among these islands, are flat-roofed, and covered with a peculiar kind of earth, said to possess the property of resisting the most continued rain. The chimney, as mentioned by Colonel Leake, is still seen in the corner of the room. A school, commenced a few years ago by the Greek Government, has long been at a standstill, as its unroofed walls sufficiently testify. In 1848, the population of the whole island was 2630, showing an increase of about 600 in fifteen years. The island is tolerably well wooded, and though the mulberry is frequently met with, still no silk is now exported; nor does the idleness of the inhabitants permit their making sufficient wine for their own consumption. About forty or forty-five kila of corn, wheat, and barley are annually exported; likewise about 1000 kantars of madder root. Wax, honey, oranges, and lemons, mentioned by Colonel Leake among the exports, are now neglected. The sheep and goats were last year numbered at 15,000. Bullocks, 300. About one thousand of the former, and 100 of the latter, are annually exported. With a fine, healthy climate, a good soil, plentifully supplied with water, an available harbour for large ships, and numerous creeks, in which coasting vessels can anchor in safety, it appears strange that so little improvement should have taken place since the island passed from the dominion of the Turks.

2nd, "Description of Cape Agulhas, the southernmost point of Africa, and the lighthouse lately erected upon it," communicated by Admiral Beaufort. Cape Agulhas is situated in lat. 34° 49' 45" S., and lon. 20° 0' 75" E., and is nearly the southernmost point of Africa, (the land immediately west of it projecting a little to the southward of the Cape.) It is a low rocky projection, with reefs lying off it to the distance of one-third of a mile, upon which the sea breaks heavily in strong winds. When first seen from sea, the land in the immediate vicinity appears high, is even and round, forming two distinct hummocks, which are connected, but at a distance appear separate. These hummocks render the Cape easy of recognition. On the first rise of the land to the northward a light-house has lately been erected, showing a brilliant fixed light at the elevation of 132 feet above the level of the sea, and which may be seen in any direction seaward at the distance of five or six leagues in clear weather. To the east of the Cape is Point Northumberland, between which and the former are two deep indentations. A very dangerous reef extends from Northumberland Point seawards. In a small sandy bay or cove to the north-west of Northumberland Point, is the landing-place, where a jetty has lately been constructed out of pieces of wreck. Three or four wooden houses at the head of the jetty sufficiently point out the landing-place. The paper ends with precautions to ships approaching this dangerous locality.

3rd, "A Theory on the Law of Waves," by Mr. Thomas Higgs, who says that the waves never rise more than thirty feet above the common level, nor sink to the same extent, and that the effect of the strongest wind cannot raise a wave higher than the weight of the atmosphere, or about thirty-two depth of water. Were the ocean liquid mercury, no wave thereof produced in any way by the atmosphere, could be raised more than thirty-one inches. The lateral force of the wind in a storm is about one ounce upon the superficial inch, but increases in the most violent hurricane to six ounces.

GEOLOGICAL SOCIETY.

March 21st.—Sir C. Lyall, president, in the chair. Read: 1st, "Description of Erect Sigillaria with Conical Tap Roots, found in the roof of the Sydney Main Coal, Cape Breton," by Mr. R. Brown.—The specimen described was an upright stump, sixteen inches high and twelve inches in diameter. The root divided first into four segments, and each of these again divided, running out in numerous branches. On the under surface conical tap roots were seen; the first circle containing sixteen, and the second thirty-two, corresponding to the number of double rows of leaf-scars on the bark. Another specimen had the exact form of the "dome-shaped fossil" described in Lindley and Hutton's "Fossil Flora;" and Mr. Brown considers it the same kind of tree with the stem broken off near the root.

2nd, "Notice of Recent Researches in Asia Minor," by M. P. de Tschihatcheff.—M. Tschihatcheff has discovered palaeozoic rocks forming the extensive range of the Anti-Taurus; and also on the northern shore of the Gulf of Nicomedia, near Constantinople. The red sandstone, with gypsum and salt, which forms an immense deposit, spread over all Asia Minor, he finds contains nummulites, alveolina, and other fossils. He has collected Jurassic ammonites near Angora. The heights of five hundred localities have been determined by means of the temperature of boiling water, and meteorological observations made at several places.

INSTITUTION OF CIVIL ENGINEERS.

March 27th.—Mr. W. Cubitt, V.P., in the chair.—Read: "A Description of the Groynes formed on the South Rocks, the site of the new Docks at Sunderland," by Mr. W. Browne. These groynes have been erected for the purpose of retaining the deposited materials excavated from the new docks, and of arresting the sand and shingle which naturally travel southward, in order to form a barrier beach, that should effectually exclude the sea from beyond a given line. The first three, whose lengths varied from 326 feet to 358 feet, were erected at a height above ordinary high-water mark of two feet six inches and ten feet at the seaward and inner ends respectively. The exterior was composed of ashlar work; the interior partly of the excavated magnesian limestone, and partly of rubble set in mortar; the batter of the north sides was two and a half inches to a foot, that of the south sides one to one; and the crest was formed into an arch, with a radius of five feet six inches. The four other groynes were of a different form, in consequence of those first constructed not retaining the deposited excavation, and from their having been injured by the sea, during a heavy storm, which occurred at the time of the equinoctial tide, during the spring of 1848, when a breach was made in the first and third groynes, and at the same time some of the stones in the second groyne were loosened; these effects were produced at about the same point in each, namely, the intersection of the inclination of the groyne with the line of ordinary high water mark; and it was found, from observation, that the momentum of the waves was greatest at or about the time of high water. The sides of these groynes were semi-cycloidal, each being generated by a circle of twelve feet nine inches in diameter, and uniting at the apex; the seaward and inner ends are respectively seven feet and ten feet above ordinary high water mark, and their lengths varied from 510 feet to 379 feet; the foundations of these groynes consisted of a course of freestone, laid at an average depth of two feet below the surface; the sides were also of coursed freestone, set header and stretcher alternately, and the hearting of large sized rubble, closely packed, the vacancies between it and the ashlar work being filled with small stones set in Roman cement, so as to ensure a solid bed; at a depth of six feet below the crest of the groyne, and resting upon the rubble hearting, coursed ashlar was introduced, and carried as near to the crest as possible, the vacancy being filled with small rubble and Roman cement. The construction of these groynes commenced at the seaward point, and they were placed at distances of from 350 to 450 feet

apart; the quantity of material excavated and deposited between them was stated to amount already to 730,000 cubic yards; it consisted partly of hard blue clay, and partly of marly rock or soft magnesian limestone, and the barrier beach formed by them had completely withstood all the gales which occurred during the winters of 1847-8, and 1848-9.

During the discussion, Mr. Murray explained very clearly his views in the design for the new docks, and for the direction of the groynes, and the various works in the harbour for arresting the waves in their progress up the river. This investigation of the subject elicited remarks as to the action of waves striking walls and groynes at various angles, when, instead of being entirely reflected, the waves were in part retained and guided along the face. This was a peculiarity which, it was stated, should be taken advantage of in hydraulic works.

LITERARY AND LEARNED.

NUMISMATIC SOCIETY.

March 22nd.—Mr. Pfister exhibited a very scarce silver coin, of Stephen VII, Duschán, King of Servia, the first who assumed the title of emperor. 1336—1356. The coin was struck at the sea-port town of Cattaro, [Ascrivum Plin] now the capital of the Austrian Albania, [Gulf of Cattaro.] Obverse.—The bearded and crowned emperor, seated on a throne, which is ornamented by two lion heads, holding in the right hand a sceptre fleury, and upon the left the orb, surmounted by a cross; on each side of the crown is dependant a ribbon, STEPHANVS IMPERATOR, [a type resembling some coins of King Louis I. of Hungary.] Reverse.—In a knotted oblong oval the upright figure of St. Tryphon, holding in the right hand a palm branch, [Martyr] and in the left the Greek cross,* S. TRIPHON CTHAREN, [Catharensis.] Stephen VII, Duschán, carried on many successful wars against the Byzantines, in consequence of which he became intoxicated with fortune, and being no longer contented with the royal crown of Servia, he got himself crowned in due form as emperor. However,

Die goldne Chronen drucke schwer,
S'isch nit, as wenns e Stroh-but wär.
Wohl geht em menge Batzen i,
Doch will an menge guttert sy.

He instituted, at the same time, an order of Knights of St. George, and nominated his son Vrosh, Kral of Servia. Being hard pressed in the war with Louis I., King of Hungary, he solicited assistance from the Pope, at Avignon, promising to change his religion for that of the Romish church if succour would be granted to him. The Pope came forth as mediator between Stephen VII. and the King of Hungary, and concluded a favourable peace for Servia. The emperor, however, thought no more of keeping his word given in distress. During the last campaign, in which Stephen even cherished the hope of taking Constantinople itself, he died, having reigned twenty years. In his extraordinary wars with the Byzantine empire he conquered the entire of Macedonia and Thessalonica, by which he enfeebled that power, and favoured the entrance of the Turks into Europe. His extravagant inclination for splendour, and the investiture of his governors in the provinces with too much power, hastened the fall of the Servian empire. Cattaro was taken by the famous Venetian admiral, Victor Pisani, in 1378. Mr. Pfister also exhibited some Italian and German cinque-cento medals.

BRITISH ARCHEOLOGICAL ASSOCIATION.

March 23rd.—Mr. E. B. Price brought forward an account of the discovery of a Roman villa, at Eastbourne, in Sussex, made by Mr. M. A. Lomer and Mr. W. Harvey, members of the Association at Lewes. As far back as 1717 a portion of this villa was laid open, and a notice, with rude illustrations, may be found in the *Philosophical Transactions* of that year. Mr. Lomer's discoveries, as Mr. Price observed, may be called supplementary; but at the same time they are the more interesting, as rendering more complete

the notice of the last century. The extent of the villa may be judged by that of a corridor, which Mr. Lomer has traced 200 yards. Mr. Berry, of Eastbourne, had aided Mr. Lomer's researches, and has succeeded in preserving the remains, which are now being laid open, as we understood. Mr. Llewellyn Jewitt communicated an account of the discovery of a Roman villa at Headington, near Oxford. It had, as yet, been only imperfectly investigated, and no regular plan of the building had been obtained, but from what had been laid open, the remains appeared to be of much interest. Messrs. White and Price, who had visited them, stated that Mr. Jewitt had obtained at least two hundred varieties of fragments of pottery, many of which appeared of novel descriptions. Mr. Neale, of Chelmsford, communicated a notice of a discovery of Roman sepulchral urns and coins, on the property of J. H. Pattison, Esq., of Witham, Essex. Mr. Gould laid before the meeting some drawings, illustrative of the popular notions regarding mermaids; after which Mr. Crofton Croker recapitulated his own opinions on the subject, as given in a paper read at one of the late meetings of the Society of Antiquaries. It was mentioned at the council meeting of the Association, on Wednesday last, that fears are entertained for the continued preservation of the interesting Roman station at Rivingham, in Northumberland, which has furnished so many valuable remains of antiquity. The present owner, it is said, is using the materials for building purposes. We trust he may be induced to gain credit by protecting what is left of this important military post, and by instituting researches such as were made by the late Mr. Hodgson, and by Mr. Bell, of Gateshead. Stone for building can be procured in the vicinity; but inscribed monuments, fragments of temples, and other Roman architectural remains, are not to be dug from every quarry.

BRITISH MUSEUM.

The annual accounts and estimates for 1848 have been laid before Parliament, from which the following are the most interesting particulars—

"The general receipts amounted to 53,999*l.*, the actual concurrent expenditure to 49,845*l.*, leaving a balance of 4154*l.* Of this amount the sum of 21,041*l.* was appropriated to salaries, 1768*l.* to house expenses, 18,707*l.* to purchases and acquisitions, 6514*l.* to bookbinding, cabinets, &c., and 1655*l.* to the printing of catalogues and the making of casts, &c. The amount of grant required for the service of the year ending the 25th of March, 1850, is 42,915*l.*, which sum the House of Commons will be called upon to vote from the public purse.

"The number of visitors admitted to the Museum last year amounted to 897,985, against 820,565 in 1847, 750,601 in 1846, and 685,614 in 1845. The number of visits made to the reading-rooms for the purpose of study or research, was about 1950 in 1810; 4300 in 1815; 8820 in 1820; 22,800 in 1825; 31,200 in 1830; 63,466 in 1835; 67,542 in 1840; 69,203 in 1841; 71,706 in 1842; 70,531 in 1843; 67,511 in 1844; 64,427 in 1845; 66,784 in 1846; 67,325 in 1847; and 65,867 in 1848. The number of visits by artists and students to the galleries of sculpture, for the purpose of study, was about 4938 in 1831; 6081 in 1835; 6354 in 1840; 5655 in 1841; 5627 in 1842; 4907 in 1843; 5436 in 1844; 4256 in 1845; 4124 in 1846; 3508 in 1847; and 3694 in 1848. The number of visits made to the Printroom was about 4400 in 1832; 1065 in 1835; 6717 in 1840; 7744 in 1841; 8781 in 1842; 8162 in 1843; 8998 in 1844; 5904 in 1845; 4390 in 1846; 4572 in 1847; and 5813 in 1848.

"In the secretary's department 931 vols. of the additional MSS. have been registered, and 403 vols. stamped. The printed books registered and stamped amount to 26,075 vols., or parts of vols.; the maps to 138, and the newspapers to 550 vols., of different publications. 1123 specimens of minerals and fossils have been registered; 14,040 zoological specimens, 4933 entomological specimens, 2499 'antiquities,' 2767 coins and medals, and 5545 prints and drawings.

"Upwards of one hundred Oriental works, recently printed at Constantinople, have been added to those printed at Bulak, purchased two years ago; and the acquisition of more than three hundred volumes, forming about twenty works in the Manchou and Mongol languages, supplies a deficiency in the collection, now one of the best known, with respect to Chinese.

"The most remarkable addition to the library is, however, that of the collection of Hebrew works formed by the late H. J. Michael, of Hamburg,* consisting, according to the printed catalogue, of 5400 volumes, of which, after the rejection of duplicates or of copies otherwise objectionable, 4420, forming 3970 distinct works, were purchased for the Museum. To the moment of his death, in 1846, at the age of fifty-four, he was indefatigable in collating his printed

* Described in the *Literary Gazette* last year.—Ed.

books with manuscripts, and marking the variations. The collection of this class of works now in the British Museum cannot be called perfect, but it is not inferior to any in existence; and we may now hope that, with proper attention, it will become in a few years the first in the world; ten years ago it was lamentably deficient and small.

"In the 'drawing and print' department, some good acquisitions have also been made."

LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC MEETINGS FOR THE ENSUING WEEK.

Monday—Entomological, 8 p.m.—Chemical, 8 p.m.—Medical, 8 p.m.—Pathological, 8 p.m.

Tuesday—Linnæan, 8 p.m.—Horticultural, 3 p.m.—Civil Engineers, (Mr. Harrison on the Obstruction to Navigation in Tidal Rivers,) 8 p.m.

Wednesday—Society of Arts, (Anniversary,) 8 p.m.—Geological, 8½ p.m.

Thursday—Zoological, 3 p.m.

Saturday—Westminster Medical, 8 p.m.

FINE ARTS.

THE FREE EXHIBITION OF MODERN ART.

So called, because every picture sent is exhibited, and not that it is a gratuitous exhibition—neither is it costless to artists, for every picture is charged with a sum per square foot of room. It is more interesting, on account of its consisting of so many pictures, nearly 600, the works of artists chiefly who have not yet got a name, and who are striving to master the practice of their art, than from the number of superior pictures, of which there are but few, and these confined, with one exception—Mr. Goodall's "Funeral of Henry VII."—to landscape, and to a very few painters, amongst whom the four Williams', we presume father and three sons, shine pre-eminent; and several of which are marked sold. We must mention, also (200), "A Willow Bank," by A. Gilbert; an excellent landscape, perhaps in rather too cold a tone.—227, "Mid-day," by the same, has also our good mark.—Landscapes, by W. J. Lukeing, J. Peel, Niemann, S. R. Percy, W. Oliver, and F. W. Hulme, are also amongst the best; and those by Mrs. W. Oliver exhibit great feeling for nature, which, with study, must ripen into success. There are some good sea pieces by T. S. Robins and Carmichael, and a beautiful portrait, so called, of the noted Lola Montez, by J. G. Middleton, though it is rather too much like the French lithographs; if she is like this, we can forgive a multitude of sins on her behalf incurred. Another very pretty little portrait is, 419, A young Peidler, by L. W. Desanges. We must not forget to direct attention to a very uncommon work, in emulation of the old missal style, highly finished, indeed, though in oil; it is stippled all over, and the hairs, every one of them, touched with gilding; it is called the "Girlhood of Mary Virgin," and by G. D. Rossetti. We think this exhibition improving; it contains works from 138 different artists.

Landscape Painting in Oil Colours explained, &c.

By John Burnet, F.R.S. 4to. Bogue.

IN our last number we treated of a foreign author on painting whose work had opened enlarged and distinct views to our mind; and we are not displeased to have to mention it again, as enabling us more correctly to understand and estimate this production of one of the best informed, and, in several branches, most successful of our native school. In theory and practice we find Mr. Burnet very generally agrees with Herr Hunderpfund. Their principles seem nearly the same; and thus study and experience confirm science and philosophy. Mr. Burnet's instructions are conveyed in the form of Letters to an individual, who had resolved to commence painter in oil, and are, consequently, quite elementary in their scope and application. They are also addressed, in the examples from various artists, more to the eye than could be taught by words; and though the book is full of astute remark and valuable observation of general utility, it is, in consequence of this, removed out of our sphere—for we have not the means of speaking to the eyes of our readers from pictures by Berghem, Claude, Cuyp, Rubens, Teniers, Titian, Wouvermans, and Burnets. Indeed, we can do little more than report upon the excellence of the lessons herein given,

* The inhabitants of the country of Cattaro are of the Greek church.

and express our belief that, by following them, beautiful landscapes would be executed, possessing the qualities of breadth, richness of form, aerial perspective, and nature in every aspect, tone, and colour. Rightly does Mr. Burnet state that "he who can render even a tree or weed with truth and taste, possesses the passport that makes Nature unfold her more hidden treasures."

It would be from the purpose of our *Gazette* to attempt to teach pupils or beginners their rudiments, and therefore we shall be content to repeat our recommendation of Mr. Burnet to them, as one of the best of teachers, and to add that his criticisms on famous masters, and their styles and paintings, are well worthy the attention of every lover of the fascinating art.

Architectural Publication Society. Illustrations.
Part I.

CAMPANILE illustrated from Genoa, Lago di Garda, Cremona, Mount Cenis, Messina, &c.; ceilings from various Italian palaces, chimneys, cornices, staircases, patterns of diaper, façades, tessellated pavements, and other parts of architecture, are given in twelve plates, very indifferently lithographed. They may be clear and intelligible to architects, but do not deserve the approbation of amateurs, and are certainly unworthy of the auspices under which they appear. We trust that the future parts will improve in this respect, and please the eye as well as inform the mind of the student.

The Inundation. Painted by C. F. Kjørboe, Esq.
Engraved by T. W. Davey. Ackerman and Co.

EDWIN LANDSEER, look to your canine laurels. In music we know what a Swedish nightingale can do, and now, in another delightful art, we see what a Swedish Snyder can achieve. The subject is replete with interest, and is characterized by much variety and intenseness of nature. A fine Newfoundland dog, chained to its house, which has almost become a raft, from the influx of the flood, is howling in maternal agony and despair, as a helpless captive riveted to a miserable fate. Three of its pups are placed in relative degrees of danger; one peeping out from under the mother, another climbing up out of the water upon her outstretched paw, and the third struggling homeward against the stormy wave. The expression in all is exceedingly fine; and never was a dog story better told by the pencil. Must they all perish? We are much interested! No, though in the distance, through the dark, cloudy sky and raging waters, we see a village overwhelmed by the tempest, there is a small boat tugging towards the wharf, and our favourites will be saved. The engraver has done justice to the original artist, and executed his task in a capital style of mezzotint; and the engraving must, we think, become very popular, as a companion to some of the pieces by our native compatriot, with whose name we set out, and who never can be surpassed in such subjects.

Henry Dover, Esq. Painted by F. Grant; Engraved by G. R. Ward. Colnaghi and Co.

THIS characteristic whole length of the respected chairman of the Norfolk Quarter Sessions obtained the meed of our praise when exhibited at the Royal Academy; and therefore it is only incumbent upon us to remark, that the engraver has (as always) faithfully preserved the lineaments of the portrait, the force of the figure, and the subordinates of the accessories. It is altogether of a manly, English, and intelligent nature, and of that "speaking" expression which causes folks to say, "We are sure that must be a likeness."

The Crotchet Book. 5th Series. By Mlle. Riego de la Branchardière. Simpkin, Marshall and Co.; Ackermann. Edinburgh: Oliver and Boyd.

"WHAT!" we hear some reader exclaim, "put a crotchet or lace-making publication among your notices of productions belonging to the Fine Arts!" Indeed we do; and are pretty sure that we know more of the stitch in this form of engraving than we

should do if we examined the real thing, or saw it wrought. But we, before, noticed this lady's beautiful manufactures in this line as extraordinary performances. We ought to call them dangerous; for a handsome woman or charming girl must be more and more killing if attired with such embellishments. Even an ordinary (we dare not say ugly) female would look well in the rich Collar of British Emblems (frontispiece); a sweet maiden irresistible in one of the Lilly of the Valley; but as pretty as any would the fair look in Honiton Crotchet (p. 30), which we think very neat. But there is still to notice Babies' Caps, than which nothing can be more becoming; and, if mamma did not before think her child the loveliest in creation, only don one of these, and the metamorphosis is complete. How all these matters are made the book directs, but we cannot.

FOREIGN CORRESPONDENCE.

FRANCE.

(From our own Correspondent.)

Paris, Wednesday, March 22nd, 1849.

M. VICTOR HUGO has brought on himself some attacks, and a good deal of ill-will by his stupid scruples against allowing Italian operas, founded on his plays and romances, to be performed. It was only as a great favour that he permitted the Italian *troupe* to represent *Lucrezia Borgia* the other night; and it required entreaties and applications innumerable to wring from him a consent for a second performance. This is not the first time by many that Hugo has acted with the like absurdity; almost every season, in fact, for years past, the same thing has occurred; and I suppose it will continue to occur, so long as the law shall perpetrate the injustice of giving greater protection to the man who supplies the words of an opera, than to him who composes the music. If, however, Hugo really understood his own interest, he would encourage the performance of operas with plots and personages drawn from his writings—for they would increase his popularity, instead of diminishing the sale of his works. Walter Scott, as the able theatrical critic of *Galignani* justly remarks, so felt: "When his works were taken as the subject of a drama," says that writer, "the Great Magician was not in the least afraid that his reputation would suffer—on the contrary, he received it as a compliment to his genius and popularity." [He helped his friend Terry to produce them.—Ed. L. G.]

If my memory does not deceive me, *Blackwood's Magazine* and the *Morning Post* some time back devoted lengthy articles to certain marvellous prophecies, in Ossian-like language, said to have been made in the first half of the fifteenth century, by a monk of the once famous Abbey of Orval, situated in what is now the Grand Duchy of Luxemburg. These predictions, which are well known, and have created immense sensation in France, were published some years ago, under the title, *Previsions d'un Solitaire de l'Abbaye d'Orval*; and they set forth, with exactitude truly extraordinary, many of the principal events of modern history—especially the rise, domination, and downfall of Napoleon, and the circumstances which have since occurred, even, if I recollect rightly, down to the last Revolution, and the expulsion of Louis Philippe. The story told of the manner in which the predictions were handed down to our times was so very plausible, that most people unhesitatingly believed it, and the folks who were of a religious or credulous turn of mind, devoutly accepted the predictions as nothing less than revelations from Heaven to a holy man of God; whilst the worldly, rejecting their heavenly origin, still received them with great respect as a literary, historical, and antiquarian curiosity—as the singular dreams of a cloistered monk, singularly fulfilled after the lapse of nearly three centuries. But, alas! for those who believed—and alas! for your contemporaries—alas! too, for the religious and the party journals of France, which eagerly forced the prophecies into the service of their respective causes, and, it must be confessed, made them do good duty—alas! I say, for all. The predictions turned out to be an

impudent forgery. The new Macpherson of these new poems of Ossian stands confessed a cheat and a knave. It is the Bishop of Verdun who has exposed him. Having made an investigation into the affair, in consequence of the pretended predictions having been first made known in his diocese, and in consequence, also, of the extensive belief they obtained, the prelate has ascertained that they were concocted by one of his own clergy. "The offender," he says, in a circular to the Catholic bishops, in which he denounces the fraud—"the offender has declared to me that the little book containing the predictions, which was said to have been printed at Luxemburg, in 1544, and miraculously preserved, never existed, except in his imagination; that the prophecy of Orval, in the part relative to the Empire, was his work; that the rest was composed of bits of old prophecies borrowed from unknown works; that at first he only considered this trickery as an amusement of no consequence; but that time having verified some of his previsions, vanity and false shame caused him to persevere; but that he is now happy to abandon his dishonest line of conduct."

The improvement in literary enterprise, noticed in previous letters, continues to advance very satisfactorily, and on the whole, as rapidly as could reasonably be expected. Every week the number of new publications of literary merit, or of pretensions thereto, visibly increases; the shop windows of the booksellers—so pleasant to lounge at—once again present almost daily novelty; the back pages of the newspapers are not only no longer barren of literary announcements, but actually advertise new books in the gigantic letters, and the costly style which French publishers love so much. If there be no new political convulsion, it will, apparently, not be many months before the literary world of Paris will be as busy and as much looked up to as of old. But ah! that if! Unfortunately there is reason to fear that it will not be realised, as, even now, the fearful monster of insurrection, roaring and writhing at its last galling defeat, is openly threatening bloody, and perhaps early, vengeance.

In the last batch of recent works I observe a new volume of the *Bibliothèque des Mémoires relatifs à l'Histoire de France, pendant le 18^{me} siècle*: published by MM. Didot. This volume consists principally of memoirs on Marie Antoinette, with notes and anecdotes of the reigns of Louis XIV., Louis XV., and Louis XVI. Taken altogether, it is a valuable addition to historical literature. The Messieurs Didot continue also to publish, I perceive, the little treatises of the Académie des Sciences, which were commenced, it will be remembered, by the advice of General Cavaignac, to combat the erroneous doctrines, political and socialist, which have unfortunately taken firm hold of the imagination of the masses. It may seem ungracious to speak ill of the well-intended and disinterested labours of the worthy academicians; but really, if the truth must be stated, they are publishing most awful trash. One is really bewildered in trying to explain how such twaddle could possibly flow from such learned pens, or be concocted by such learned brains. I admit that it is difficult to say anything new on the hackneyed topics on which the academicians have to treat—Providence, Property, Education, Crime, &c.; but, in default of novelty of thought, we have a right to expect some quality of style, or at least not to be made to yawn by paltry common-places and pompous platitudes, expressed in language poor, bold, dull, and heavy as lead.

In the anxious search after novelty, literary caterers have had the good fortune to dig up treasures of Danish literature, and have also turned their attention to works in other languages as little known to the multitude. There is, however, one language which they have overlooked, but which has done a great deal towards the formation of our own—I mean Flemish. In the tongue of Old Flanders there are many a ponderous tome, and many a musty parchment, in which the historian, the novelist, and the poet could find materials for history, tale, and song. The mere humble translator, too, might discover many a quaint old legend of fierce war, and scarcely less fierce

love—of deeds of bold daring, and lofty patriotism—of stout burghers, insolent lords, and crafty churchmen—nearly all of which legends, whether in prose or verse, would be a valuable addition to the translated literature of England, and be eagerly devoured by the reading-for-amusement host, who turn impatiently away from the heavy, insipid, wretched fare provided by the majority of modern novelists. And if the search after worm-eaten records, in dusty libraries, should be too distasteful to be undertaken, the translator might easily find neatly printed volumes of romance, fresh from the press—some even by living writers—far better worthy to be presented to the circulating library than nine out of ten of the quartos which are proudly placed on its shelves.

The past week has been rather an important one to the Parisian play-going public. Mlle. Mante, the popular actress of the Français, for years one of the most accomplished comedienues of the French stage, has gone to the bourne from whence she cannot return. Mlle. Anais has retired from the theatre, after thirty years' hard service—another good comedienne lost to the public. Rachel has made another *début* in comedy—the first took place a long time ago—and has obtained much greater success than was to have been expected, considering that her great talent is so peculiarly adapted to classical tragedy. The Vaudeville has brought out another satire on the Republic, which is witty, laughable, cruel, and draws forth screams of laughter and shouts of applause; but the public, I think, display symptoms of becoming tired of these political squibs. At the Variétés the aristocratic members of the Jockey Club took it into their not very wise heads to get up a cabal against a little Vandeville, by Gozlan, *La Goutte de Lait*, because it contained some smart hits at the old aristocracy and the old monarchy. This cabal having occasioned several serious "rows"—on one night rendering it necessary for the armed force to clear the theatre—the government, on the pretence that a serious disturbance of order was to be expected if the piece continued to be represented, has had it withdrawn. This, however, is very unfair. If the Republic be satirised in one theatre, why should not the monarchy at another? If Republicans are not allowed to interrupt the performance of a piece in which they are mercilessly pelted, why should aristocrats be permitted to clamour down a play in which their grandfathers are belaboured? What is innocent on the Place de la Bourse can scarcely be a misdemeanour on the Boulevard Montmartre; the sauce that is applied to the goose should, in common justice, not be refused to the gander. But the French accept such contradictions with a good deal of indifferent philosophy. In order, however, to have some appearance of acting fairly, the government, after suppressing the anti-monarchical piece of the Vandeville, forbade the representation of an anti-republican piece at the Gymnase.

NOTES FROM ABROAD.

Overland Expedition of Mr. John Keighran.—(Communicated by himself to the *Adelaide Observer*).—"I started from Sydney on the 10th of April, 1848, with 118 head of horses, and arrived at Adelaide on the 11th August following with 112 head, having sold some on the road. At the commencement of my journey, the country was badly stocked with grass, and so continued until I came to Mr. Peters' station on the Murrumbidgee, where I remained for a week to feed my horses. I then proceeded on to Mr. Peters' lower station, and there, also, I found plenty of grass. Had I not found grass there, my horses must have been starved to death. I found all the people very kind to me and my party, both black and white. I stopped there twelve days, and the horses thrived well. I then proceeded until I came to Mr. Darcey's station on the Murrumbidgee, where, also, I found plenty of grass, and remained twelve days. Mr. Darcey behaved very kind to me and my party. I then continued my journey until I came to the station of—Hobler, Esq., J.P. I continued

along that gentleman's pasture run for two days, which is situate contiguous to the junction of the Murrumbidgee and the Lachlan. I was informed the natives were very troublesome, but I found them quite the reverse, and willing to do anything I required of them. They made signs to me they would show me a shorter road than the one I was then travelling; and two of them accompanied me two days, for the purpose of showing me the route they spoke of. This they did in their own way, which I perfectly understood, and we met large parties of natives of their acquaintance on the river. I found them all very civil and obliging. When my guides got to the extent of their own boundary, they spoke to the adjoining tribe, and they then proceeded with us to the end of the route intended. There are many different routes, on account of the floods rising on the flats, and a knowledge of these induced the natives to show us the shortest cut. If the flood is on the flats, the stock has to go through the malley scrub, which is a great way round. The Malley is a very thick, close scrub, so called by the natives.

"In proceeding along the Lachlan, we saw a prodigious quantity of grasshoppers, averaging about an inch and a half in length. They covered a space of about a quarter of a mile at a time, and, rising all at once, came towards us on the wing with great force, almost blinding the horses. Alighting suddenly in a dense mass, they destroyed every blade of grass within their range, and then started for a fresh spot. They are like birds of passage, and I believe these grasshoppers are the annual destroyers of the grass in that district. At all events, I do not think such destruction is attributable to the heat, as represented.

"On our arrival at the Darling River, we found the Malley very thick, as also very large plains of salt bush, and no grass for some miles; but we afterwards came to good flats to camp on, on the banks of the river. We found the settlers and squatters very kind, as also the natives; and continued our route."

In good time, the drover arrives at Adelaide, but there is nothing more related worthy of note.

Pleasant News for Travellers.—As Mr. John Bull generally likes to travel with a well garnished purse, he will probably find the following communication interesting. "General Haynau, at Padua, has just published a proclamation, containing as follows:—"All travellers, not belonging to the Lombardo-Venetian Kingdom, passing the frontier, cannot carry with them a larger sum than 300 Austrian francs. To carry a larger sum, requires an authorisation from the Commandant of the second corps d'armée at Padua. Every individual who crosses the Po, carrying a larger sum, and not furnished with the said authorisation, shall be treated conformably to the state of siege, and shot (*e fucilato*). His money shall be confiscated."—Extracted from the *Constitutionnel* of March 14.

Mastodon.—A correspondent in Paris has sent us an account of an enormous skeleton of a mastodon now exhibited in the Champs-Élysées. It is described as having the highest claims on the attention of the geologist and naturalist, not only from its gigantic proportions, which by far exceed any before discovered, but from undoubted evidence of its not being a compilation of bones, like our specimen in the British Museum. It appears that this was found in a bed of marl in the vicinity of New York, not in detached portions, as on the banks of the Missouri, but entire, at twenty feet below the surface. The exhibition is exciting great curiosity, and the gigantic remains will, no doubt, reach London ere long.

Fine Arts, Brussels.—The twenty-second exhibition opens on the 8th of April, and closes on the 21st of May.

The *Sydney Sentinel* has been discontinued after a four years' existence, not, as the proprietor announces, because the subscription list indicates a want of confidence on the part of a large section of the public, but simply because he finds it impossible to obtain payment of his accounts. He adds, that the very parties who have not paid anything since the 8th of June, 1845, think nothing of putting him to the expense of postage, if a mistake

occurs in the delivery of their papers. [Cool enough!] Two Sporting Journals, however, seem likely to flourish better: a sign of the times, and a characteristic of society. Perhaps it is not ungenerous, that the place has been thrown into consternation by having a multitude of well-executed forgeries of 1*l*. notes pushed into circulation. A railway is projected here; and at the Burra Burra mines the miners have struck for wages twice in one week.

African Discovery.—The Rev. Mr. Robman (associated in the missionary labours of the Church Missionary Society with Mr. Klepf) announces his "Travels on the East Coast of Africa, from Bombas towards the West," where he discovered a mountain whose summit was covered with eternal snow, within 3 deg. S. of the equator. The publication of his journal, it is thought, may throw light upon the watershed of this portion of Central Africa, and, consequently, upon the sources and courses of the great rivers which flow to the west coast—the Zaire, the Canza, the Cuyunerie, as well as the rivers of Eastern Africa. Lucan seems to have anticipated, with poetical prescience, the best motto for the Beke and Abadie controversy, and for this forthcoming work, when he wrote the line—

"Non minor hic Nilo."

SKETCHES OF SOCIETY.

RESPIRATION IN SMOKE.

INCIDENTALLY to a lecture by Mr. Barlow on the "Fire Annihilator," in *Literary Gazette*, No. 1677, we mentioned an invention, by one of the men belonging to the Society for the Protection of Life from Fire, which enabled any one to remain in a room full of smoke, without inconvenience, for a considerable time. On Monday last we attended at the house of Mr. Taylor, (Red Lion Square), who had liberally permitted the inventors (two, not one as we had heard, Conductor Robinson and Brigadier Siems), to exhibit to his brother committee-men the efficacy of their invention, in a room at the rear of his house. Amongst the several persons present was Mr. Phillips, the patentee of the above-mentioned Fire Annihilator, and he did, truly, put the smoke-mask to a severe test. But to the circumstances of the trial:—The room was nineteen feet long by five broad, and ten high, without chimney, but with a window and two doors. Wood, sawdust, and shavings, slightly wetted to increase the smoke, as the men stated, were laid on a bed of mould on the floor, and ignited. A dense smoke soon filled the room, and increased to such a state of condensation, that it issued even from underneath the closed doors. The men with their masks on endured this suffocating atmosphere for half an hour—moving about erect, answering questions, coming to the window, to prove by reading, that their vision was not impeded, nor their eyes affected, and submitting to other tests suggested. During the trial, two members of the committee, unprotected, entered the room, but both were soon glad to retreat. A fireman also went in, his mouth protected, by what he said was the principle of the invention, and certainly remained in a considerable time. What he held to his mouth we will not state, nor the idea which, combined with what we saw, it gave us of the invention itself; for we would not, even by a hint, be accessories to the disclosure of the inventors' secret, before they themselves are disposed to make it known—recompensed as we trust they will be for an invention which we consider a valuable acquisition to the Society for the Protection of Life from Fire, and which should be taken up in a liberal spirit by the several Fire Offices of the metropolis. To us, we confess, the trial was satisfactory. The men professed to be enabled, by their masks, to enter a room on fire and full of a dense suffocating smoke, and rescue therefrom life and property—the smoke, be it observed, of an ordinary burning room, into which there is ever more or less a rush of air to sustain the fire, and mingled with the smoke—and thence screened to support life. If it were only confidence to risk the salvation of life that the invention yielded, it would be valuable; but we

think more than this, the trial proves, has been secured by the smoke-mask. Mr. Phillips, for the sake of the men we allow, and actuated by the true spirit of investigation, to set the matter beyond a doubt, contended that the atmosphere to which the men had been subjected was not true smoke, but principally watery vapour only, and that the ordeal the inventors had passed was not a severe one. A second experiment, at his suggestion, was tried. Dry resined firewood, chips, and shavings, were ignited, and a towering flame soon burned up the air in the room, so that a candle lost its support of combustion and went out. Of course, the temperature of the room was greatly raised; but when the thermometer indicated bearable, Mr. Phillips himself, stooping low, entered the room, and tried, but failed, to re-ignite the candle. He soon came out, pronounced the smoke very different from the former, warned the men, and acknowledged endurance of it for five minutes a severe test. The inventors, Robinson and Siemens, unhesitatingly entered, and remained in the room ten minutes, when all present exclaimed, "Out, enough!"

In conclusion, we may observe that the occasion of our attendance was a meeting of the sub-committee of the above-named society, convened expressly to investigate the invention, which not only thus enables any person to exist in the densest smoke, but also to have the free use of their speech, their sight, and their limbs, and thereby enabling the servants of the society to be more efficiently useful in saving life from fire.

The resolution passed was:—"That in consequence of these experiments, the committee consider the adoption of the Protector will be very beneficial to the objects of the society, in enabling the men to encounter more smoke than they otherwise could bear, and recommend to the general committee, that every man be provided with one, as soon as the inventors are able to have them made." The thanks of the meeting were unanimously voted to the chairman, (Mr. J. R. Taylor), for his kindness in allowing the use of the room for the experiments, and his house for the meeting of the committee.

POLYTECHNIC INSTITUTION.

WE turned in to the evening amusements of the Polytechnic on Wednesday, and we feel called upon, on behalf and in the name of the rising generation, to enter our formal protest against the continuance of Mr. Shaw's lecture on magic. If ever there was a practical killing of a golden goose, this destruction of the marvellous is one. Young and old are tickled with the idea of being as knowing, though, without experience, they never can be as clever, as a conjuror, and one pleasure of life is gone for ever—they never more can enjoy the feats of a Wizard of the North, a David, or a Houdin! And, furthermore, Mr. Shaw is tampering with the vested interests of these latter respected individuals. Let him beware, then, not only of their hostility, but of the rage of the disappointed thousands, when they realize the knowledge they think now they so cheaply acquire. Magi, mathematicians, and philosophers, conjurors—nobodies! But truly, at present, it is flood with Mr. Shaw; he has taken the turn of the tide, and will keep it through the spring—aye, and summer, too, judging from the numbers present to see and hear his entertaining exposition of the secrets of the magic art. This lecture was, indeed, the attraction of the evening, though the dissolving views, judiciously selected from India, Mexico, and California—the dazzling chromatope, and the diving-bell—came in for their share of approbation. During the working of the latter, we examined the life-buoy apparatus, and amongst them we observed a recent novelty and an admirable invention, the cork mattress. Until lately, the difficulty experienced in cutting cork prevented any extension of the application of this material; but machinery has been now contrived to cut it with great expedition into fine shreds or fibres, and these are used instead of horse-hair or wool, for ship-mattresses, sofa-squabs, bolsters, boat cushions, &c. &c., all instantly available as life-preservers. The buoyancy of cork is well known,

but it may surprise many to be informed that an ordinary-sized ship-mattress, stuffed with cork fibre, will, in the water, support eight persons. As we commenced with the last of the evening's amusements, we will end with the first object that attracted our attention in the vestibule of the institution—namely, a most magnificent specimen of native copper.

THE DRAMA.

Her Majesty's.—In the first performance of *Ernani* this season, on Saturday, a Mlle. Giuliani débuted, about whose personal identity there seems to have been no little mystification; whether she was the Mlle. Julien, of the Brussels company, or a Signora Giulia di Borsi, who made some sensation in the smaller theatres of Italy about two years ago. The lady has, however, settled the matter by writing to the daily paper, declaring herself to be Mme. Giulia di Gender, and certes, she is an excellent singer, with a nice quality of voice, especially in the pure soprano notes, and these she gives without the least effort and in perfect tune; she is also completely at home on the stage, perhaps rather nonchalant than otherwise in her acting, which partakes too much of a ladylike style, and not enough of that earnestness indispensable to a great actor. Her singing in some of the difficult concerted passages, as far as we could detect it dimly through the noise of the band, appeared to be unusually perfect. The new tenor, M. Bordas, who has been engaged "for the dramatic style of the more recent composers of Italy," sang the part of *Ernani* for the first time in this country. He shows that he has been taught in a good school, singing with taste and feeling; he was very nervous at first, and his intonation suffered in consequence, but in the great scenes he improved, and sang with more understanding. To say that M. Bordas' singing on this occasion was ineffective is not to his discredit, for anything more trying to a débutant "tender tenor," than a Verdi opera, coloured by Mr. Balfe, can hardly be conceived. The performance, however, was much applauded, and the fine finale of the third act was redemanded, after the curtain had fallen, and was exceedingly well executed. The duet, "Ah morir potessi adesso," was also encored, and Belletti was applauded into singing the nice *morceau*, "Infelice tu," twice, which he did in his usual excellent style; he makes a first rate *Silva*, and was a strong point in the opera. We were sorry to find the part of *Carlo*, written for the barytone, still in the hands of Gardoni, an *affiche* informing us he was too unwell to sing the airs of the part, which were consequently omitted. We observe that the form in which Mlle. Lind will contribute to the entertainment of the season, is decided to be in a series of six concerts of selections from operas by Mozart, Weber, Beethoven, &c. &c.

Lyceum.—The only novelty here this week has been the revival, on Wednesday, of Mr. Charles Dance's pleasant farce of the *Water Party*, which, eighteen years ago, made all London, by turns, laugh within the walls of the Olympic, supported, as it was, by the talents of Liston and Mrs. Orger; few who saw them will forget Liston's bustling pomposity and good-humoured maneuvering, in the part of *Fluid*, or the kind vulgarity and genial breadth of Mrs. Orger, as *Mrs. Deputy Butts*. On the present occasion these parts were performed, for the first time, by Harley and Mrs. Yates; in the excellence of whose acting no better testimony could be given than the hearty laughter it elicited from a numerous audience. The piece was admirably supported in its less important characters by the rest of the company, and its success must point out, we should think, the expediency of reviving other pieces of the same class, that enjoyed popularity during Madame Vestris' management of the Olympic.

Olympic.—The Olympic Theatre, in Wych-street, was destroyed by fire on Thursday afternoon. The flames broke out about half past five, and raged till eight o'clock, when its fury was abated, though it still burnt fiercely among the ruins caused by the falling in of the roof, and of the walls outwards into the street.

The accident is stated to have occurred from the gas, when lighted for the evening's performance, catching the front curtain of red cotton velvet, and spreading so rapidly among the inflammable materials around, that the whole was in a blaze before anything could be done to save the theatre. The performers were in the house, dressing, when the alarm put a speedy end to their preparations. Many of the surrounding houses, which are of a low class, have been much injured. The spectacle is described to have been very grand and striking. Nearly all the property in the theatre has been lost to Mr. Davidson, the lessee, and the various actors. The wood of which it was constructed was the timbers of the old *Ville de Paris*, given to Philip Astley by George III., with whom he was a favourite. Out of the evil good may arise—for there is hardly a spot in London so densely populated, and where street improvements are more needed. Of old the site was the height of aristocratic fashion, and the Drury's, Cravens, and Queen of Bohemia resided on the very spot.

MUSIC.

School of Practical Composition, or Complete Treatise on the Composition of all kinds of Music, both Instrumental and Vocal, from the most simple Theme to the grand Sonata and Symphony, and from the shortest Song to the Opera, the Mass, and the Oratorio, together with a Treatise on Instrumentation; the whole enriched with numerous Practical Examples selected from the Works of the most classical Composers of every age. Dedicated to the Royal Academy of Music in London. By Carl Czerny. 3 vols. folio. Translated from the German by Mr. John Bishop of Cheltenham. Cocks and Co.

This long title explains well the scope of the work—an unusually laborious and systematic undertaking; for amongst artists it is rare to find a man devoting so much time and energy to matters which must be, to a certain extent, dry to a finished musician. However, the somewhat heavy subjects of thorough bass and the theories of music are not treated of; and the author, taking it for granted that his reader is acquainted with them, goes through the modes of becoming acquainted with the various forms of musical writing and composition, laying down the rules to be observed in their construction. The practical mode of writing for an orchestra in score, as it is called, is also clearly explained, so that any young musician or amateur may by this means learn to frame his ideas into the working form. This work is remarkable, not only from its extent, and the great number of capital examples, sometimes whole movements from some of the great masters, but for the vein of strong common sense that runs through it, and the *naïveté* with which the arcana of the art are spoken of, e.g.:

"The first idea for a composition is generally the fruit of a sudden, propitious frame of mind, of momentary incitement and enthusiasm, and very frequently of mere accident. Often, indeed, from the very first instant, the plan of the whole piece is presented to the imagination of the composer. Such instances must be steadfastly cherished, and we must continue working as long as we find this happy disposition unimpaired.

"Most composers, however, and particularly beginners, would act very wrong, if they were always to wait patiently until this enthusiasm sprang up of itself. The composer must constrain and incite himself in a peculiar manner thereto, and this he can do to a certain degree."

And again—
"He must also accustom himself to note down immediately any idea which may strike him at a propitious time, frequently even whilst extemporising; indeed, in such moments, he must actually hunt after good subjects, and at once preserve them in writing: for how many happy ideas have already been lost through neglecting this! * * *

"From manuscripts left by Beethoven we have observed that many of the most beautiful ideas employed in his later great works, were by him con-

ceived and noted down long before, (perhaps in his youthful days,) and that, therefore, he was certainly indebted to this method for much of his fertility of invention."

The following, too, has more than one bearing:—"The arbitrary, gross, and exaggerated in art, alas! at the present day, but too greatly gained the ascendancy; because it is very easily invented, and we require to learn the least for it. For neither is great talent, nor well-grounded knowledge demanded, in order to produce a wild and irregular Fantasia. But on that account there is nothing more important than for the young and talented composer to return to the rules of the beautiful."

Again, in reference to laboured productions:—"It is a far greater merit to be able, like Beethoven, to produce a fine effect, intelligible to every one; and that, too, with such simple means."

"Many a composer has the weakness to be particularly enamoured with those of his compositions, whose invention has cost him the greatest pains and labour; and he cannot then exercise sufficient self-denial to sacrifice these fruits of his anxious hours to what is truly beautiful—nay, he thinks that all hearers must be as enraptured with them as he is himself. * * *

"The invention of beautiful melodies is a gift of genius, and, even then, only in certain happy moments. But skillfully constructed modulations can at any time be put together by the cultivated composer, even when in the most indifferent frame of mind. May those, therefore, on whom nature has bestowed the greater talent, not content themselves with dry learning; either from convenience, or from a perverted view of art, but ever render the same subordinate to the truly beautiful!"

"Whatever may be said against the Italian Opera music, no one can deny the fact that it excites pleasure throughout the whole world."

A great many, whether writers of words or sounds, would do well to "smoke" these concluding remarks:

"That which is true in art always retains its value; but many forms begin to grow old, because the world has been surfeited with them. The unswerving, though rarely expressed, demands of the refined world from the composer are—the avoidance of all superfluous protraction and useless extent; whether these arise from an excessive passion for learned developments, or from a too anxious observance of well known forms. As language, in its progressive cultivation, must continually become more laconic and pure, and avoid all useless verbosity; so also musical composition."

"The public is ever asking the composer: 'Do you then really require half an hour, in order to unfold your ideas to us? Could you not do this as well in a quarter of an hour, or still less? We will willingly listen to you, so long as you create in us no feeling of weariness!'"

We have found this a most interesting and amusing work, full of instruction, and of the right sort.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

MAKE GLAD!

THE Seasons, in passing, one sweet moral bring,
And well—if he marked it—would man do;
"Spread pleasure like me," is the language of Spring,
"Make all hearts as glad as you can do!
What a world it would be, if—less mindful of self—
You esteemed every neighbour a brother;
And if each, while he did a bit good for himself,
Did a little bit, too, for another!"

THE Summer but varies the lesson—"Make glad!
Treat all men with love and affection!
My sun shines alike on the good and the bad,
And shall you dare to think of selection?
What a world it would be, if—less mindful of self—
You esteemed e'en a bad man a brother;
And if each," &c.

THE Autumn repeats it—"My stores are for all!
But should one, in the scramble, get favour,
Let him share it with those to whom little may fall,
And what's left will have all the more savour!
What a world it would be, if—less mindful of self—
You esteemed the unlucky a brother;
And if each," &c.

And Winter affirms it, while shaking the door,
And binding the stream with his fetter;
"Keep the cold that I bring, from the hearths of the poor,
And your own will burn brighter and better!
What a world it would be, if—less mindful of self—
You esteemed every poor man a brother;
And if each, while he did a bit good for himself,
Did a little bit, too, for another!"

ROBERT STORY.

SONNET.

THOU hypocrite! false fickle March, away!
Thou who with smiling brow and ice-cold heart
Canst play so well the faithless tempter's part!
Thou who dost flatter, only to betray;
Deceyng out with thy bright sunny ray
The sweet young buds, to lure them to their death;
Kissing, to nip them with thy chilling breath,
Whose piercing blasts like ambush'd poniards slay;
Art thou not like the base deceiver wooing
A lovely innocent maiden to her ruin?
Away, till winter thy return invoke,
To thy dark den! Give me the open foe,
Who in fair combat deals the deadly blow!
Not the false friend, who stabs 'neath treachery's cloak.

ELEANOR DAREY.

VARIETIES.

The Paris Trip.—Most of the respectable parties who at first entertained the proposition for a return visit from London to Paris, have, we understand, withdrawn from the anomalous design; so that the character of the conglomerate of visitors, will not, we trust, be mistaken by the Parisians as representing any thing like the better class of the capital. It has indeed assumed all the appearance of a speculating job, and will, we daresay, if noticed at all, be publicly "repudiated."

University College, London.—This long unfinished building is, we hear, about to make another step towards completion; a munificent lady patroness, Mrs. Devon, has given the whole of the beautiful alto-relievo statues, and other works of the late Sir Francis Chantrey, to be used in the decoration of the fine entrance hall and cupola. The latter is also to be painted with subjects, in compartments, and otherwise ornamented; a new library is begun on a level with the entrance, and the portico, which is worth all the rest of the building, will then be used as the regular entrance, after having, for nearly twenty years, been perfectly useless, except as the refuge of the bats and the owls, if there are such things in the New Road, and that, at a cost of something like a fifth of the entire sum expended on the University. It is said that the works of Chantrey were offered to the government, if some place were appropriated for exhibiting them.

Society of Arts.—We learn that the next one-master exhibition at the Society of Arts will consist of a selection from the numerous excellent works of Mr. Etty, the Royal Academician.

The Ancient Concerts.—The poor, old, genteel creatures have died of ennui. They were good in their day, which is now passed away, eclipsed by the superiority and cheapness of the Sacred Harmonic at Exeter Hall, under Costa's reforming baton.

The Philharmonic Second Concert, on Monday, was patronised by her Majesty and the Prince. Beethoven's "Sinfonia," in B flat, No. 4, and Weber's "Der Freischütz" were the leading concerted pieces; but the attraction of the evening was, perhaps, the Lyrics of Racine's "Athalie," by Medelsolhn, with illustrative recitations introducing them, declaimed by Mr. Bartley. This imparted much effect to the performance, and gave great pleasure to the auditors.

Another Gigantic Moving Panorama of the Banks of the Mississippi was exhibited for the first time on Monday last; it is said to cover four miles of canvas; and, in the language of the artist, Mr. J. R. Smith, is another example of the go-aheadiveness and blowpitness of the Americans, for it is the joint property and spec. of the Professor Riskey and Mr. Smith. These pictures are not to be criticised as works of pictorial art, but viewed, as they are intended to be, a very agreeable and interesting means of becoming acquainted with the wonders of the New World.

High and Low Art.—At one of the first print publishers, the other day, we overheard a somewhat amusing estimate of these. The clerk, calling over the contents of a parcel for the country, named one "Paul de la Roche," "Portrait of Napoleon," "Two Landseers," "Dignity and Impudence," and 600 "Mail-coach Changing Horses." "High art or low—all one to me," said the master—"I must live."

Colchester Literary Institution.—We learn from the *Essex Standard* that the Roman urns and other sepulchral vessels, recently discovered at West Lodge, on the property of Mr. Taylor, will be exhibited in the lecture-room of the Colchester Literary Institution, next Monday evening, accompanied by descriptive remarks by Mr. Roach Smith and other members of the British Archaeological Association, who, on that day, propose visiting Colchester, to examine its antiquities. This institution was opened on the 20th inst., under very promising auspices, C. G. Round, Esq., taking the chair. Sir Henry Smyth was elected president; and a very able introductory lecture was delivered by Mr. W. B. Donne, of Bury St. Edmunds.

New Music.—A lady in the county of Durham, more favoured by fortune than education, at a soirée which she lately gave, desired her daughter to play "the fashionable new melody she got from London last week." The pretty girl obeyed; and it was very catching.

School of Design.—A select Committee of the House of Commons has been appointed on the School of Design, consisting of Mr. M. Gibson, (the mover,) Sir R. Peel, Sir G. Clerk, Messrs. Milnes, Moffat, Labouchere, Rich, Wakley, Hope, Scholfield, and Kershaw.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

THE LITERARY GAZETTE.

For February, (a short month,) our list of contents was, nevertheless, considerable, see No. 1675; and for January, (concluding with a double number,) still more various, see No. 1671. For March, we have been called on to give three double numbers; and we announce the Monthly Part, (which also terminates the first Quarter of the current year,) as replete with matter, collected from every quarter, and presented in forms suited to its novelty and importance, as digested by competent authorities, so as to supply every desiderata of the passing time to the lovers of literature, science, and arts, and the intelligent of all classes, especially to rising families.

Reviews, with ample illustrative extracts, have been given of the rival translations of A. Von Humboldt's *Cosmos*; Hortensius' *Law and Lawyers*; W. Von Humboldt's *Letters*; St. John's *Sporting in Sutherlandshire*; *The Use and Abuse of Christianity*; new novels; Philology, with many specimens; *Mardi*, an allegory in the Pacific; *Memoirs of Sir R. M. Keith*; Mackay's *America*; Curzon's *Biblical Researches among Eastern Monasteries*; *Allies' Puseyite Travels in France*; Captain Cunningham's *History of the Sikhs*; *Australia*, and *Whale-fishing Adventures*; and, in addition to a number of publications of minor importance, a series of *Poetical Statistics*, extending over 16,000 or 18,000 lines of verse.

Letters from correspondents on literary and scientific subjects of general interest.

Full Reports of the Meetings of the Royal Society, Royal Institution, and the rest of the Scientific bodies, whose papers and discussions convey novel information. Captain Stanley's *Surveying Expedition to Torres Straits*, (first notice, original.)

Under the head *Literary and Learned*, Reports of the proceedings of the Royal Asiatic, Antiquaries, Syro-Egyptian, and other Societies; the Archaeological Association, &c. &c. The British Museum, its defects and errors.

In *Fine Arts*, Controversy respecting the *Chandos Shakspeare Portrait*; Lectures on *Painting*, by Messrs. Field and Hurlstone; review of new publications; the *Architects' Association*, &c.

In other departments, a variety too long to enumerate; but containing a view from olden times of Smithfield Market *crusus* the suburbs; the exposure of Froude's infidel writing, and appointment by the London University to the chief School in Tasmania; on *Burials in Towns*; *Indian Archaeology*; the *Ogham Character*; *Red Indian Myths*; biographies of B. Barton, Sir Alexander Johnston, &c. &c.

Corrigenda.—In the account of the Syro-Egyptian Society, last week, *Necrolia mummiarum* should be *Necrobis mummiarum*, and *Dermestecio pollinatus* should be *Dermestis pollinatus*. A full account of these insects (which were not to be found in any cabinets of Natural History before, and which are probably the most ancient specimens to be found in any situation) is given in Mr. Pettigrew's history of Egyptian mummies. The *Necrobis* was named as belonging to the mummies, and the *Dermestis pollinatus* (prepared for its funeral) were found in the head of a mummy, where their eggs had been laid, and they had gone through their several states of existence unable to escape from the spot of their

deposit, by reason of the embalming which had taken place. In a variety, No. 1678, p. 197, mentioning the origin of Mallet's Edwin and Emma, the former was hurriedly written Edward, and escaped our clear-sighted corrector of the press; and we also fell into an error with the name of the gentleman who is bringing out a new edition of the ballad, and has gratefully erected a monument in Bowes churchyard to the true lovers whose melancholy fate is so touchingly commemorated. It should have been F. T. Disdale, (not Dinsdale). Accuracy in printing is of so much importance to writers, that, whilst we confess, during a short period, a little time ago, to have suffered considerably from incorrectness, and now claim credit for the reverse, we must notice a very unjust imputation upon the typography of a work, printed by Messrs Savill and Edwards, by Mr. James, which we find in a number of *The Mirror*. The reviewer of *John Jones's Tales* abuses it in the most bitter terms: whereas it is a large clear type, and printed precisely in the way most eligible for children's books and lessons.

Alph is under note for next week: too late for this.

LITERARY NOVELTIES.

Taz "Adelaide Miscellany," 8vo, has been started at South Australia, and two weekly numbers published, in September, when our last papers left. It is stated in the prospectus to be the first healthy literary periodical, where the population has grown to 30,000 souls.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

- Addison's (Dr. W.) Consumption and Scrofula, 8vo, cloth, 12s.
 Alben's Europe, Library edition, 8vo, vol. 1, 15s.
 ———— vol. 1, royal 8vo, cloth, 30s.
 Belcher's Guide to Holy Communion, 18mo, cloth, 2s. 6d.
 Bridge's 119th Psalm, 19th edition, 12mo, cloth, 7s.
 Banke's (J. B.) Historical Lands of England in 1849, imperial 8vo, 21s.
 Burritt's (E. J.) Geography of the Heavens, 18mo, half bound, 10s. 6d.
 Butler's Three Sermons edited by Whewell, 12mo, cloth, 3s. 6d.
 ———— Six, ditto, 12mo, cloth, 3s. 6d.
 Constance Lindsay, or the Progress of Error, by C. G. H. 12mo, cloth, 5s. 6d.
 Cooper's (J.) Sermons on Events in Sacred History, 12mo, cloth, 6s.
 Eighteen Hundred and Twelve: an Historical Romance, from the German, 3 vols., post 8vo, £1 11s. 6d.
 Falkner's (Rev. N.) Faith's Victory, 12mo, cloth, 3s.
 Farindon's Sermons, with Life by Rev. T. Jackson, 4 vols, 8vo, cloth, £2 8s.
 Forde's (A. W.) Linear Tables for Calculating Areas, Earthwork, &c., 4to, cloth, 7s. 6d.
 Fowler (O. S.) on Self Culture, 12mo, cloth, 6s.
 Gray's (P.) Tables for the Computation of Life Contingencies, royal 8vo, cloth, 15s.
 Herbert's (W. H.) Frank Forester and his Friends, 3 vols, post 8vo, cloth, £1 11s. 6d.
 James's (G. P. R.) Works, vol. 20, Agincourt, 8vo, cloth, 8s.
 Knowles (J. S.) The Rock of Rome, or Arch Heresy, post 8vo, cloth, 7s. 6d.
 Lady Alice; or the New Unn, 3 vols, post 8vo, £1 11s. 6d.
 Lamb's Universal Grammar, 12mo, cloth, 2s. 6d.
 Miller's Philosophical History, vol. 4, 12mo, cloth, 3s. 6d.
 Mitchell's (E. J.) Record of Events connected with the History of the Jews, post 8vo, cloth, 7s. 6d.
 Our Father, being illustrations of the several petitions of the Lord's Prayer, 12mo, cloth, 2s. 6d.
 Passion Week; a series of Practical Pieces, 12mo, cloth, 4s. 6d.
 Reflections, Meditations, and Prayers, on the life of our Lord Jesus Christ, 12mo, cloth, 3s. 6d.
 Revere's (J. W.) Year of Duty in California, 12mo, cloth, 8s.
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 Rynd's (F.) Pathological and Practical Observations on Strictures, 8vo, cloth, 7s. 6d.
 Shaw's Medical Remembrancer, third edition, 32mo, cloth, 2s. 6d.
 Sir Eldred; an Old Breton Legend from the German of Fogue, 12mo, cloth, 7s.
 Smith's Evolution of Numbers, 8vo, 2s.
 Solly's (Professor E.) Syllabus of a Complete Course of Lectures on Chemistry, 8vo, cloth, 5s.
 ———— interleaved, 6s.
 Speculum Episcopii, second edition, post 8vo, cloth, 7s. 6d.
 Varieties in Prose and Verse by a Wanderer, 12mo, cloth, 4s.
 Von Liebnitz's Life by J. M. Mackie, 12mo, cloth, 6s.
 Wardlaw's (G.) Experimental Evidence of Christianity, 12mo, cloth, 6s.
 Wilmot (A. P. E.) on Manning the Navy, 12mo, cloth, 3s. 6d.
 Wright's Kiss for a Blow, new edition, 18mo, cloth, 1s.

DENT'S TABLE FOR THE EQUATION OF TIME.

[This table shows the time which a clock or watch should indicate when the sun is on the meridian.]

1849.	h. m. s.	1849.	h. m. s.
Mar. 31	12 4 14.3	April 4	5 12 3 1.9
April 1	— 3 56.0	5	— 2 44.1
2	— 3 37.9	6	— 2 26.5
3	— 3 19.8		

ADVERTISEMENTS.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA, COVENT GARDEN.

The Directors have the honour to announce that the next performance will take place on **TUESDAY, APRIL 10th**, on which occasion will be produced (for the first time at the Royal Italian Opera) Donizetti's Opera,

LINDA DI CHAMOUNI.

Principal characters by Miss Catherine Hayes (first being her first appearance in England); Mlle. Meric (her first appearance in England); Signor Tamburini (his first appearance this season); Signor Salvi (his first appearance this season), &c. &c.
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 Mr. HENRY NICHOLLS, of the Theatres Royal Manchester and Newcastle, will on **MONDAY EVENING** next give the first of **THREE READINGS OF THE PLAYS OF SHAKESPEARE**, in which an Ideal Personification of the Principal Characters will be attempted.
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 Admission, 2s. Reserved Seats, 3s. Private Boxes, 10s. and 15s. To commence at Eight.

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The other Regulations necessary to be observed may be obtained at the Royal Academy.
 JOHN PRESCOTT KNIGHT, R.A., Sec.
 Every possible care will be taken of Works sent for Exhibition, but the Royal Academy will not hold itself accountable in any case of injury or loss, nor can it undertake to pay the carriage of any package which may be forwarded by Carriers.
 The prices of Works to be disposed of may be communicated to the Secretary.

BRITISH INSTITUTION, PALL MALL.—THE GALLERY FOR THE EXHIBITION AND SALE OF THE WORKS OF BRITISH ARTISTS IS OPEN DAILY, FROM TEN TILL FIVE. Admission 1s. Catalogue 1s.

GEORGE NICOL, Secretary.

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The opening lecture will be delivered by the Rev. J. F. Denham, M.A., F.R.S., Rector of St. Mary-le-Strand, and Evening Lecturer of St. Bride's, on Easter Monday, between two and three p.m.—Tickets of admission 2s. each, and prospectuses can be obtained at the Institution; of Mr. Jackson, Bookseller, Islington Green; Mr. Thomas, 21, Catherine Street, Strand. The opening lecture free, by tickets only. Ladies wishing for further instruction in any branch of Education can be received as Boarders for a term, or longer, at St. Mary's Hall.—Fee, 15 guineas per term.

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Further notice will be given.

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